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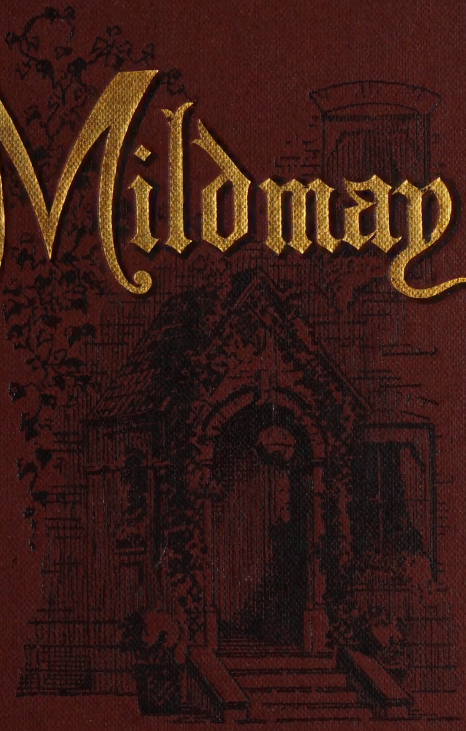

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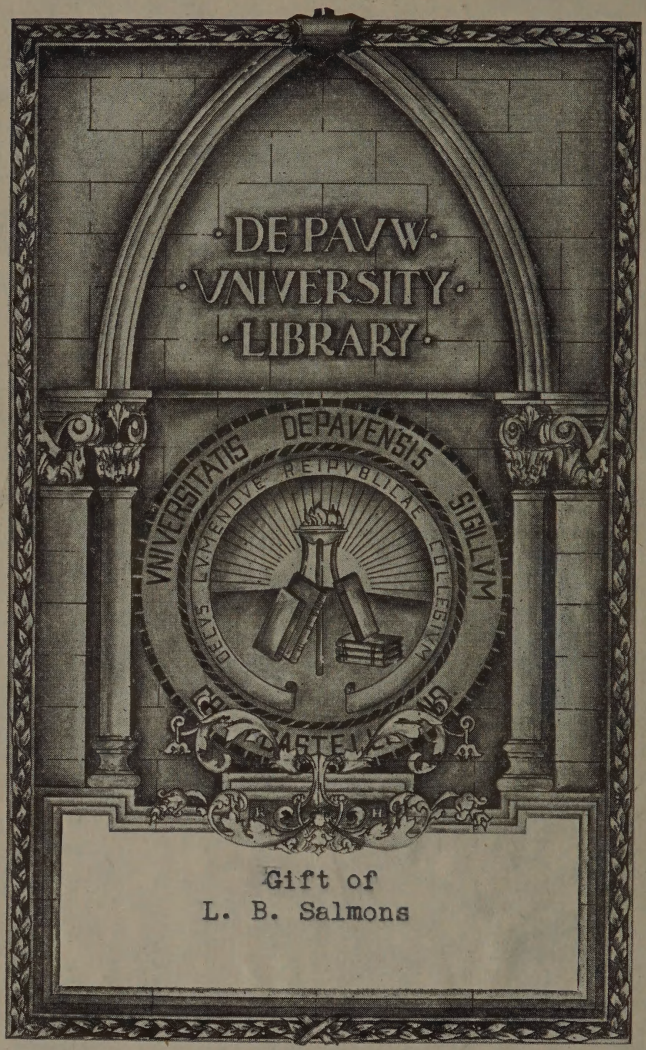

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MILDMAY;

OR,

THE STORY OF THE FIRST DEACONESS INSTITUTION

BY

HARRIETTE J. COOKE, M.A.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS AND PORTRAITS.

'Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.'
EPH. iv. 3.

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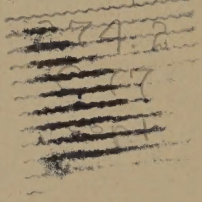

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To the

CORNELL STUDENTS

SCATTERED IN MANY LANDS, WHOSE EARNEST CHRISTIAN
LIVES HAVE BEEN AN INSPIRATION TO THE AUTHOR,
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

THE Author of these pages came to England at the close of 1890, having been requested to do so by the Woman's Home Missionary Society, then in annual convention at Buffalo, New York. The object of this visit was to make a thorough study of the deaconess institutions at Mildmay, North London.

For some time after entering upon this study she had no intention of publishing the notes collected. It was thought best, in order to acquire a true understanding of the spirit and methods of the work, for her to enter as a worker with the deaconesses, and as far as possible to be one with them.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Pennefather and Miss Coventry, an opening was made for this; and during the two years of her stay at Mildmay she has had exceptionally good

opportunities for learning the methods of work, and also for receiving practical training in several branches of the Mildmay missions in the districts of the East End. In no other way could the knowledge of this great mission be acquired.

Many letters of inquiry in regard to Mildmay were so frequently received from different quarters in America that it was impossible to give full and correct answers to all requests for information. It was in solution of this difficulty that the author was led to present the facts carefully collected in the present form.

The book has been written in the intervals of active mission work among the poor and needy of this great city. While there is no claim to literary merit, it is hoped it may be valuable as a true record of a work which has been greatly honoured of God and a blessing to thousands whom it was intended to reach.

The Author has appreciated the kind courtesy which has enabled her to obtain a thorough knowledge of all departments of the work, and the helpful kindness with which she has been especially met at every step.

MILDMAY, LONDON,
Oct. 3, 1892.

INTRODUCTION.

THE object of this book is to set before those who are interested in the 'deaconess movement' an Institution which for more than a third of a century has been sending out light and help from North London into the darkest districts of this great Metropolis. It is not addressed to a public eager for something new, but to the quiet workers whose motives are the same as actuated the founders of Mildmay—the glory of God.

These facts are presented in this form because there seems to be a growing demand for information in regard to this institution, which was, as far as we can learn, the first of the kind among English-speaking people. Indeed, it is an institution unique in its character, broad in its aims, and beyond computation in its results. It is as far removed from sensa-

tional methods on the one hand, as it is on the other from the asceticism of the mediæval sisterhoods which have fastened upon the Roman Catholic Church, clinging to it like moss upon old walls.

Everyone at all familiar with the work is impressed with the healthful influence flowing from this institution, so unobtrusive that it seems almost to be 'hiding its light.' But though silent, it is making itself felt in a most telling manner, by the changed lives and characters of thousands who have come in contact with its earnest Christian workers.

Mrs. Pennefather, in one of our first interviews, remarked: 'Our work has grown up naturally. When we began in a very small way, we had no thought of it as it is; but we have added to it as the necessity arose, and as the Lord gave us the means, till it has become what you see to-day.'

The history of Mildmay is the history of two consecrated lives which, by God's blessing, have set in motion forces still active in their saving power. They have also drawn around themselves others inspired by the same spirit, and controlled by the same motives.

Neither is the influence of Mildmay confined to London. Many of its workers have carried

the Gospel into heathen lands, and they are rejoicing in its light.

In other countries Christians are inspired to make use of the means which have been so successful here. So the good work is spreading. Similar institutions are springing up in many places.

To all who are beginning this work we trust the facts recorded may be an encouragement to go on. And we have collected what information we could in regard to methods of work and principles of organization. Whatever of detail we have inserted has been to illustrate these.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	WHAT IS 'MILDMAY'?	1
II.	THE CONFERENCE HALL	24
III.	THE NORTH LONDON TRAINING HOME. WHAT IS IT?	37
IV.	THE DEACONESS AT HOME	51
V.	THE COMPOUND AND ITS INSTITUTIONS	71
VI.	MILDMAY MISSIONS	86
VII.	'THE WILLOWS'	118
VIII.	THE NURSING HOME AND MEMORIAL COTTAGE HOSPITAL	131
IX.	MEDICAL MISSIONS	146
X.	MILDMAY MISSION TO THE JEWS	171
XI.	AFFILIATED WORK	191
XII.	CONCLUSION	206

MILDMAY.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT IS 'MILDMAY'?

'Ye come and go incessant; we remain
Safe in the hallowed quiets of the past.
Be reverent, ye who flit and are forgot,
Of faith so nobly realized as this!'

LOWELL.

WE are on historic ground.

If you go back three and a half centuries, on some bright autumnal day, you may find Henry VIII. in his Hunting Lodge on the outskirts of the great Middlesex forest. London, with its busy life, its sin and sorrow, has not yet laid its hand upon this primeval spot, clutching at every green thing and spreading its grime over all the fair haunts of nature. Stoke Newington is all that is left of this majestic forest 'whose timber helped to

build London after the Great Fire of 1666. It may be that the very beams and rafters carried over the sea by the Puritans, to build the old Court House at Marblehead, were cut from its ranks. 'Possibly it furnished the faggots to light the fires of Smithfield.' Historic remembrance and literary reminiscence combine to weave a charm over a spot now endeared to many hearts by far more sacred ties.

Only a few trees linger to tell the story of the dark old woods, full of mystery and dread; but the Hunting Lodge stands on the identical spot, its gateway guarded by the same old eagles that welcomed the haughty Tudors. Lift the clumsy knocker and enter the hall, passing under the same arch as did the gay dames and stately courtiers of those olden days.

The ceiling of the drawing-room is adorned with the armorial bearings and royal monogram of the Stuarts. The lofty mantelpiece, beautifully carved, and the walls handsomely panelled in antique oak, look as though time had touched them only to add a richer hue to the dark wood. Everything is bright and polished, but the proud King whose nod was fate has passed away; his Hunting Lodge has become the house of rest for the Mildmay

Nurses, and now Miss Dean, the Superintendent, is queen over more true hearts than ever bowed in *real* homage to his Royal Majesty. The name is quite significant, for no one can spend an hour in this home without feeling a sense of rest which seems to permeate the whole house.

'Fair Queen Bess' was wont to steal away from her home at Hatfield House during the troublous times of her sister Mary's reign, and ramble in these shady lanes. A grove of elms near the old church, where she was an occasional worshipper, bears the name of Queen Elizabeth's Walk. Her favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, lived here at Newington, and fragments are shown of the mansion of the old Earls of Essex dating from her reign. Her lodge still stands at Canonbury.

If you pass on to later times, you may possibly catch a glimpse of John Gilpin in his famous ride to Edmonton, and fancy him flying through Stoke Newington, where now the clumsy 'tram' lumbers along. Not far from here winds the Lea, through whose pleasant meadows and along whose sunny banks dear old Isaac Walton loved to stroll.

In this neighbourhood Charles Lamb

gathered some of the choicest bits for his 'Essays of Elia'; and Defoe Street reminds us that here stood the quaint old house, with its numberless locks and massive bolts, in which 'Robinson Crusoe' first saw the light, that delicious story dear to every child's heart on either side of the Atlantic.

Those who delighted in the 'Pleasures of Memory' may find

> 'The tangled wood walk and tufted green,
> Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.'

In the printing-office where *Service for the King*, the Mildmay magazine, is printed, they show the very window from which Rogers used to look into his 'sunny garden.'

The descendants of the Puritans will find a trace of the great Parliamentary General in Fleetwood Road, and those who love the memory of Oliver Cromwell will visit the grave of his daughter, wife of Fleetwood, which is under the little old church, where they still show the pew in which Queen Bess worshipped. The philanthropist will hunt out the house occupied by John Howard, a part now of Church Row, and those who are fond of the beautiful hymn found in almost every collection,

'When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,'

will like to know that Isaac Watts, its author, came here as a Dissenting minister when quite young, and, after his health failed, spent his life at Abney Park, near by, where now stands a monument to his memory. Under the fine old cedar which you still see in the park he wrote many of our favourite hymns.*

Edgar Allan Poe was placed here at school by his adoptive father, Mr. Allan, of Baltimore, in a house still standing in Church Street. He used to say he owed much of the romantic element in his character to the fact that he spent five years of the most impressible period of his life in a place so abounding in old associations. It is to be hoped he did not also here acquire the habit of drink which sent the gifted young poet to an early and dishonoured grave.

The history of this region reaches back to Roman times, as we find near Broad Street a very small remnant of the old wall.

Wherever there is a 'stoke,' there in Saxon times must have been a wood (that is its meaning), and Stoke Newington is supposed to have been given by Athelstane to the Canon of St. Paul's.

* He was buried in Bunhill Fields.

Thus we see this interesting part of London is linked with every period of English history.

But however delightful it might be, we cannot linger over these traces of the past in which Mildmay seems to have its share, for we are to trace a more interesting chain of events.

During the reign of Charles I., Sir Henry Mildmay acquired by marriage a large estate in this locality. From this Mildmay Park derives its name. It is rather puzzling to one seeking the beginnings of this institution to be told that the name Mildmay does not belong to it, but is simply the geographical name of the district in which the work has grown up. It ought to bear the name of the founders. But this is due to the extreme unwillingness they had to allow anything like letting 'thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.'

So the habit has arisen of giving the name of the locality to the institution, till now 'Mildmay' means the mission, though we cannot learn that the Mildmay family have ever done anything for the work which perpetuates their name. It is to be hoped they will, in gratitude, remember the work which sends their name into all parts of the world with a fragrance upon it that no title could give.

It must be 'Mildmay' now, in spite of the

love which would gladly perpetuate the name so dear to all. It is quite impossible to change the name of a well-known institution. Yet there is one comfort: wherever 'Mildmay' is heard there will go the fame of Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather's labour and love. As America is the common name by which that country is known, though Columbia is its sweetest title spoken in song or lisped in prayer, so the name Columbus is linked for ever with the land he discovered.

If we come down from those early days to fifty years ago, we shall find that London has moved in with 'bag and baggage,' and has come to stay.

It is the transition period. The serene and solemn woods are no more; the beautiful Mildmay Park has turned into a very ugly London brickfield, 'a wide, desolate area scattered over with brick-kilns and cut up by cart-wheels.' Unfinished streets and houses in different stages of progress have taken the place of the beautiful shrubberies, green, well-kept lawns, waving trees and borders of fragrant flowers; public-houses, with their noisy brawls, nightly revels, and blasphemous songs, instead of the refined and delightful country homes.

Mrs. Pennefather, in conversation, told us of an old lady, a member of the Mildmay family, who had left her home a long time, and then came back to visit the old place. She called on Mrs. Pennefather, and sat weeping bitterly, saying, 'I cannot find a trace of the beautiful Mildmay Park except one old cherry-tree.' Nothing is more sad than to come back to a spot where every tree and shrub was connected with some loved home association, and find it all gone, and nothing left but streets and rows of houses.

At this time of transition, of which we were speaking, there lived on the outskirts of Stoke Newington a returned African missionary, John Campbell by name. He was greatly troubled at the wickedness so rife in this neighbourhood. It was his custom to go at the close of day into this deserted brickfield and wrestle with God for a blessing on this very spot, 'where Satan seemed to have complete sway.'

How wonderfully God has always honoured the prayers of His faithful servants!

That old brickfield forms a part of the Mildmay Compound, from which centre light is spreading throughout the world, and distant heathen lands are rejoicing in its beams. The

brickfield has also disappeared. The Conference Hall, the Deaconess House, Cottage Hospital, and many other buildings, together with the lovely garden, have made this wilderness to 'blossom as the rose.'

This work was born of prayer. Prayer has been its vital breath, its strength and support—and is yet. Its remarkable growth, its widespread influence, can be explained in no other way except that it is the result of constant and believing prayer. It is customary to ask God's blessing and help on every detail of the work. Each morning at the office the Superintendent calls all the officers and clerks together, and in prayer the day's work and all its interests are committed to God. If the history of remarkable answers to prayer were written, the experiences of Mildmay would make a most interesting chapter. Each new building, and each additional mission stands as an unanswerable proof that God does hear His children's cry.

The germinal stage of this institution was passed at Barnet; and in order to understand the development of each branch, we must begin there.

The Rev. William Pennefather, a clergyman of the Church of England, was appointed Vicar

of Christ Church, Barnet, and entered upon his labours there in December, 1852.

To human reason there is no logical connection between the devout John Campbell praying in a London brickfield and the young clergyman entering upon his labours in this suburban parish. But He who numbers the stars can change the threads of a spider's web to cables of iron. We shall see how the connecting links were formed.

The eleven years of his ministry at Barnet saw the beginnings of nearly every branch of work developed later in London. The old saying that a fountain never rises higher than its source is also true of institutions. The peculiar characteristics which have marked the Mildmay work were stamped upon it at Barnet. Mr. Pennefather's desire that everyone in his parish should be spoken to individually on the subject of personal salvation, and his deep interest in foreign missions, led to the establishment of the Missionary Training Home for Young Women—the germ of the deaconess work. Of this we will speak later.

His earnest desire to see souls converted was rewarded by a wonderful outpouring of God's Spirit in his church. One says, in speaking of him, 'Do any accuse Church

services of lifeless formality? Would that they could have worshipped here, where cold hearts grew warm, and long-silent lips took up the notes of praise.' A lady, in speaking of Mr. Pennefather's deep spirituality, said 'I am not a Churchwoman; but at Mr. Pennefather's services I was melted to tears. It was quite a different thing to me.' And another, in speaking of him, said: 'I never shall forget his reading of the Gospels! But it was not its power and pathos which was its chief beauty, after all (though that was great): it was that his whole *soul* was in what he read; and he seemed to compel those who heard to stop and wonder and adore with him a Crucified Redeemer.'

We see in this revival at Barnet a practical illustration of his faith, which gave him the foresight to erect a large iron room, so that the multitudes for whose conversion he had been labouring might have plenty of room in which to meet, for he felt sure they were coming. Nor was he disappointed. No sooner was the building opened for service than it was filled to overflowing, and for weeks a very Pentecost of blessing was poured out.

The period of Mr. Pennefather's labours at

Barnet was marked by a series of important public events, each of which had an unmistakable bearing upon his life-work.

The Crimean War in 1856 brought a new era for woman's work, through the heroic courage of Florence Nightingale, who was pioneer in an important field opened at that time for Christian womanhood. It marks an era in war, because hitherto no woman's hand had smoothed the pillow for a dying soldier, or ministered to the wants of the wounded and sick. The profession of 'nurse' was born of this inspiration of the young English lady, a profession now so intimately connected with home and foreign missions.

In the American war of the Rebellion, women of culture and wealth, led by love of Christ and country, followed gladly in the steps of Florence Nightingale. Wherever there was a battle or suffering, there were found Clara Barton, Mary Livermore, Mrs. Wittenmyer, and other noble women. In hospitals—by skilful hands holding death in abeyance, at Andersonville, at Ball's Bluff, at Vicksburg, in the 'Wilderness'—they won the gratitude of a nation. So long as there was a sick or wounded soldier, there was always a nurse to minister to his needs or take his dying message. The influences for

good flowing from the simple convictions of one woman cannot be measured.

But to return to the Crimean War, which left a legacy to England of thousands of fatherless children. This led to the formation of a Patriotic Fund, and Mr. Pennefather was entrusted with the education of many hundreds of these orphans. This gave to him and Mrs. Pennefather, both of whom were fond of children, a training for the larger work God was preparing for them.

Again, the war of the Rebellion in America caused the Cotton Famine in the manufacturing districts of England. Thousands of men, women and children were thrown out of employment, and the result was famine, with its untold suffering. An address given in the Iron Room at Barnet led to the formation of an organization to receive the weekly collections for the sufferers. These proved much greater than was expected, and Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather were requested to go to the most destitute places to see to the distribution of these funds.

They were rejoiced to find many branches of relief, organized by the Quakers, already in successful operation. It was a joy to them to be able to give timely aid to this work, and the

experience gained here was of value afterwards during the time of cholera in London. They also sent two ladies from the little training home to assist in this work, and thus began the custom of 'lending deaconesses' to help in needy places—a custom still kept up by Mrs. Pennefather, and productive of great good, but rather unusual, and quite unselfish.

Another event of a different kind, and much later, had an important bearing on the work. Mr. Moody's great revival in America was awakening universal interest, and the fame of it extended to England. Mr. Pennefather invited him to come to England, and through his instrumentality Mr. Moody came. Thousands were brought to a saving knowledge of Christ. It resulted in untold good both to England and America. In England we often meet men in the mission 'Out-and-Out Bands' who date their conversion from Moody's visit. And the Bible Conferences at Northfield and Chicago were due to an inspiration received by Mr. Moody at the Mildmay Conference.

These annual conferences are doubtless one of the most important agencies of the far-reaching influence of this remarkable work. During a holiday the thought came to Mr.

Pennefather which we will give in his own words:

'A deep consciousness of the essential unity of all who name the Name of Christ and depart from iniquity led me in 1853 earnestly to desire to bring into closer social communion the members of the various Churches as children of one Father, animated by the same life, and heirs together of the same glory.'

After much prayer and many discouragements, he issued his first circular calling for such a conference. Since then conferences have become common; but this was the first of the kind, and it did not meet with the encouragement of those whom he consulted. But Mrs. Pennefather was in full sympathy with him, and so he issued his invitation for the 26th, 27th and 28th of August, 1856.

It brought many Christians of different denominations together, and proved a blessing such as thousands have since realized at the Mildmay Conference, and the many other conferences which originated from this. At its close one hundred and twenty of God's children sat down together to the Lord's Supper, drawn together by a common love for Him.

This was the first step taken of an undenominational character, which has been the distinguishing feature of the Mildmay work.

At the second Conference the Association of Female Workers was formed, and Mrs. Pennefather was made President, an office which she still fills. This society has been a powerful instrument for good to the cause of missions, and, indeed, to every other good work. It holds a weekly prayer meeting at the centre each Tuesday morning, and a quarterly meeting on Thursday afternoon, when the friends are provided with a social tea at the Deaconess House. Its members now number between 1,700 and 1,800, and they are to be found in all lands. They have a 'blue-book,' in which a certain number are subjects of prayer each week; so that wherever you are, if a member, you know that when your turn comes hundreds of hearts are united in prayer for you. All Christian denominations are represented in this praying band.

In 1864 the startling announcement was made that Mr. Pennefather had accepted a call to St. Jude's Church, Mildmay Park, London. The difficult duty of saying farewell to a people endeared to them by very tender ties was upon them again. But before a step was taken they had laid the matter before God in prayer, and felt quite sure that it was His voice calling them to London.

It must have cost them quite a struggle to leave Barnet. Nothing could be a greater contrast to London than this pretty village-like suburb.

It is one of those old rambling places so common in England, full of quiet restfulness, the very air laden with the fragrance of clover-fields and gardens. It was on a perfect June day that we visited this place, attracted by its pleasant and interesting associations. The deep rich grass was looking cool and delicious in the afternoon sun; the laburnum was dripping with 'golden rain,' the chestnut was crowned with its glory of efflorescence, the old woods were bordered with pink and white hawthorn. The happy daisies smiling at us from the grassy walk brought to mind Lowell's words:

'Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.'

Our first visit was made to the Ossulston Convalescent Home. This is one of the most valuable, as well as most needed, of the many Mildmay helps for the poor. It was founded in 1883 by the Earl and Countess of Tankerville to the memory of their eldest son, Lord Ossulston, who died very suddenly in India.

They had felt the need of such a home for a long time, and had been looking for a suitable place near London. At length they heard this house was to be leased at Barnet. They applied for it, and were told it could not be had for such a purpose; but when the owner learned it was for Mr. Pennefather's work he relented, and said: 'Yes; for if ever there was a saint on earth it was Mr. Pennefather.'

It is a delightful place for convalescents to find strength. They come from the East and South London Missions and the Mildmay Hospitals for the change necessary to complete recovery. Behind the house is a roomy garden, with a supply of fresh vegetables and fruit, and such nice old-fashioned flowers as must gladden any heart. The bright peonies, fragrant lilacs, forget-me-nots, roses, all contribute to fill the house with the delicious odours which can only come from a country garden. In front is a lakelet, with a spreading elm, under whose shady branches the invalids may enjoy the fresh air and the children play with their toy boats, and here sometimes is held an afternoon meeting. About thirty can be received—an equal number of men and women, and a few children. This home has proved a great blessing to soul as well as body.

It is remarkable how many have found peace here, and have been led to a clear knowledge of Christ's saving power. It is a strong supplement to the help sure to be given in the hospitals.

It is a noble gift, and nobly sustained, as it is nearly dependent upon the gifts of the Earl and Countess of Tankerville, who are also very generous to all branches of the Mildmay work.

After our visit to this most interesting home we paid our compliments to the beautiful Hadley Wood, only a few minutes' walk from the Ossulston Home. As we rambled into the shady depths of this historic place the notes of a cuckoo sounded distinctly above the medley of many voices united in a bird concert; then a *new* voice—a sweet trilling call—then a response from the opposite thicket, and such a song poured out upon the evening air as could only come from the nightingale. From childhood we had longed to hear this song, but here, almost within sound of the sullen roar of the great Metropolis, it was a surprise!

Here you have the compensation for the evil of great estates so denounced by political economists. These great landowners, at much expense to themselves, preserve within a few minutes' ride of the city magnificent

solitudes, where rich and poor alike may find refreshment and get close to the great loving heart of Nature. I know of no country which offers so many retreats of this kind to the very poor.

This evening we came upon a picnic party, whose merry laugh and cheery voices made a pleasant addition to the bird concert, which went on undisturbed by the children's happy notes. It proved to be the Mildmay orphans, who, under the care of Colonel Morton and his family, were enjoying this June day in the woods.

On our way down, the cottage had been pointed out to us where the first deaconesses in England had lived—Mrs. Pennefather's first training home. The next to claim our attention was the Vicarage, the birthplace of Mildmay. How beautiful it was in the brightness of this summer sunset! The house, the church, the school-rooms, the garden, all seemed permeated with the calm, sweet presence of the founder of Mildmay, as we had learned to know him from his work.

It is often said, men of unusual personality leave an impress of their own spirit upon the places where they live. Everyone feels this spell who first visits the Longfellow home; and the home of Washington at Mount Vernon seems to be full of an invisible presence which

thrills you and hushes even the thoughtless. Of the many country vicarages in England, no one is more charming than this at Barnet, homely and unpretentious as it is. Its especial attraction is due to its associations.

The field where the first conference was held was bright with daisies and buttercups, and far above we heard the notes of a skylark singing its song, so aptly translated by Canon Wilberforce: 'Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.'

This was indeed a day of privilege to one at least of our little party, to hear for the first time the nightingale and skylark. They will be remembered as part of the joy realized in this glimpse of English country life after a winter in the fog of London. They will sing an endless song; they will be 'a joy for ever.'

As we were strolling along in the village we spied in a remote corner an old monument, which we found from its inscription had been erected on the spot where the Earl of Warwick fell on April 14, 1471. Here was another surprise. We had not connected the battle of Barnet with this rural scene. But here in England you are always stumbling upon historic spots. Time lost his grip upon us; we were carried backward four hundred years.

Not far from here were Tewkesbury and St. Albans, where so much 'blue blood' of England was poured out in that reckless War of the Roses. Yes, the Hadley Wood, so bright and innocent-looking to-day, had many a dark tragedy hidden away in its bosom. What strange tales those old trees might tell us! We could almost *see* those mounted knights as they rode at each other in deadly fray. Here fell 'the last of the barons,' the great 'king-maker.' Here feudalism fought out its last battles.

Here the faithful soldier of the Cross fought a *better fight*. He who is safely sleeping not far from this old battle-field* has reared a more enduring monument than this granite shaft which bears only a date, a name! Barnet will always be a place to visit, not so much for its fatal connection with a war which swept away so many of the older barons of England who had been the founders and supporters of English liberty, but because here was born an institution whose beneficent power will never fail, and whose whole work is a constant prayer for the establishment of PEACE.

'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!'

* Mr. Pennefather lies in the little country churchyard of Ridge.

1873.

William Pennington

CHAPTER II.

THE CONFERENCE HALL.

'He shall build Me an house.'

IT is now thirty-five years since the first conference was held at Barnet, and to those who attended this year (1892) there could be no doubt of the great blessing flowing from these annual gatherings.

Early in 1869, after much prayer and considering the matter in all its bearings, Mr. Pennefather decided to build a hall. The Iron Room which he had brought to London with him had become much too small, or, rather, the conference had far outgrown its accommodations. The object and design for the projected hall were found after his death in his own handwriting in a pocket-book :

'1st. For the assembling of the annual conferences which are designed to unite all Christians of various

denominations, and to stir them up to the work of the Lord.

'2nd. It is contemplated to hold free afternoon and evening services on Sunday for the non-church-going population around, to be conducted by clergymen or laymen.

'3rd. For children's services, there being at present no room or hall in this locality sufficiently large to hold the numbers desiring to attend.

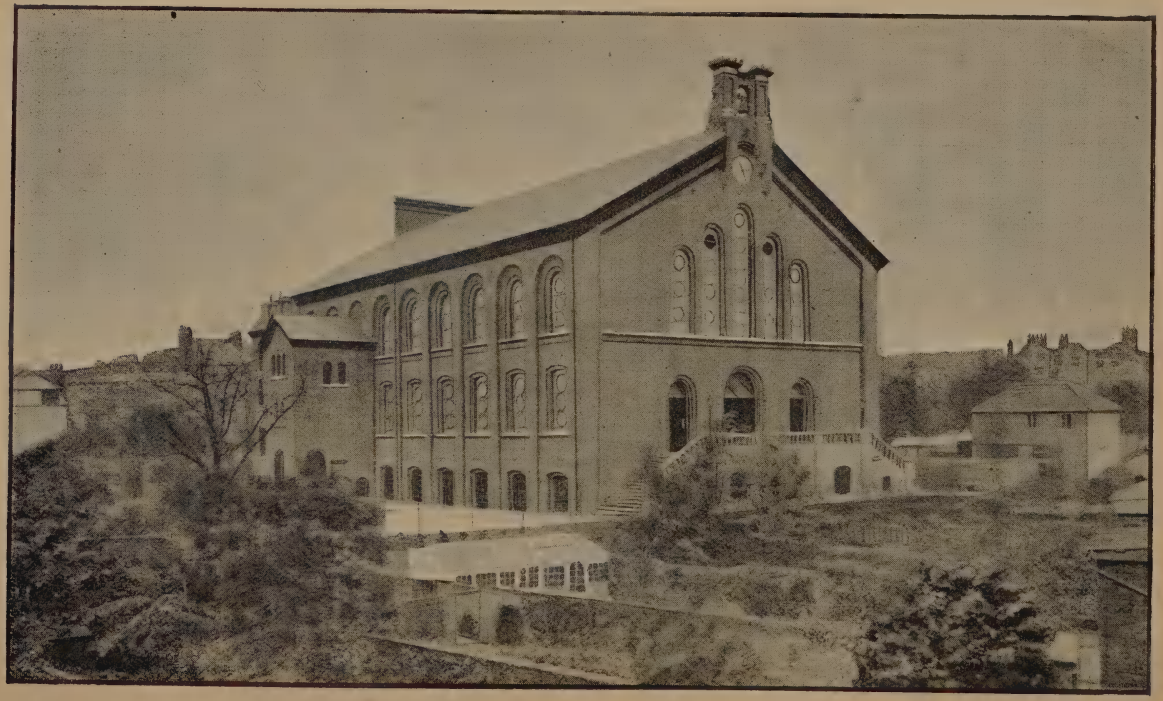
'4th. As a centre where those engaged in God's service in various parts of England and Europe may obtain information about London work, and may meet brethren and sisters who are labouring in this great city for mutual consultation and prayer.

'5th. It is proposed to have a large room, where social meetings can be held, where those interested in home and foreign missions may hear of such work from the labourers personally engaged in it.'

Two special features of it seemed to give him great satisfaction.

First, the fact that *one* building at least would stand as a visible witness to the invisible unity of Christ's Church—a home of love where none would be expected either to join or forsake any existing denomination, but where each would give in his adhesion to 'Grace be with *all* them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.'

Second, the kindly recognition of God's children from other lands in a place where they might be *sure* of cordial welcome and the right hand of fellowship.



THE CONFERENCE HALL.

After he had decided to build the hall, according to his life-long custom of enlisting the prayers of others, he wrote to the Association of Female Workers, saying, 'The hall is to be built: will you ask God,

'1st. To guide and bless the builder and his men, giving all needed skill and His Holy Spirit to fill their hearts;

'2nd. To prepare the people of this district to make use of the hall when erected;

'3rd. To fit me and my fellow-workers for the vast field of usefulness that the hall is likely to open out before us;

'4th. To bless the conference which is to be held in October?'

How simple and childlike his faith, like Elijah when he prayed for rain! Not a word about the money! He rested in God's promise for that. He was firm in the conviction that if it were God's will to continue these conferences the money with which to build would be forthcoming. The result was such a remarkable confirmation of his faith that it seems right to give at least the substance of what he gave at the commemoration service.

The location was an important matter to be decided. Then he had no ground upon which to build, no money with which to build; and

it was a fixed principle with him he had no *right* to go in debt for any improvements or enlargement of the work, however needful it might seem to him. (Mrs. Pennefather has carried out the same principle since his death, and has actually cut off some very necessary work because she lacked the means to continue it.) They both believed if God willed the change He would supply the means. This is an instance of noble humility which refuses to exalt self by building more grandly than God's providence indicates. How many stately churches encumbered with debt would never have been built, how many colleges, crippled and stunted in their intellectual resources under a load of accumulating debts incurred for show, would to-day be more plain and simple, more truly Christian institutions, if this simple trust had actuated those who build monuments to glorify self rather than God!

Another fact equally noticeable: no public appeals for subscriptions, no entertainments for the purpose of raising money, have ever been countenanced. God has supplied their needs, and the work has grown. It is to be hoped all interested in Mildmay may continue in like faith. There are no financial agents in the field, but many friends have kindly taken it

upon themselves to raise money for the yearly expenses, and may God raise up a host of such helpers who shall see to it that Mrs. Pennefather's last days shall not be made sad by seeing her beloved work suffer for lack of means, when there is enough and to spare among the friends who have known the noble work from its beginning! Mildmay is rich in God's promises, but He depends on His children to continue the support of His work.

The spot where the hall now stands had not been thought of when a gentleman called one evening, and very unexpectedly said that a plot of nursery ground held by a neighbour on a long lease might be obtained for this purpose. The situation was very desirable. But a substantial building could not be erected unless the freehold of the property could be secured; and he did not know to whom the property belonged.

At this juncture, as Mr. Pennefather was going down the street one morning soon after this interview, a placard attracted his notice upon which was announced the sale of this very property. A member of the Mildmay family had died, necessitating the sale of all their estate.

'The world would call this a strange coinci-

dence, but the child of God can see his Father's hand and hear his Father's voice in many a so-called chance.'

Mr. Pennefather immediately called a man of business to look it over and give his opinion of its value. He had at this time £500 in the bank, the gift of a lady for a building whenever he thought best to build.

When the man returned and reported his estimate at £500, Mr. Pennefather saw in this the unseen Hand. He said, 'Go to the auction and bid for me on this land £500; not a penny more.' It was knocked down to him for £500.

The money for the building came in direct answer to prayer, and, strange to say, often when no one knew, except Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather, of the exact amount required; yet at the very time needed the specific sum was sent!

The 4th of August, 1869, the first stone was laid, not with a grand ceremony. A few friends gathered, a prayer was offered, Mr. Pennefather spoke a few earnest words, and then they went to the Training Home for a prayer meeting. In the spring of 1870, as soon as the rubbish could be cleared away, even before the flooring was laid, a prayer meeting was held in what is now Room No. 4, with earnest pleadings for all

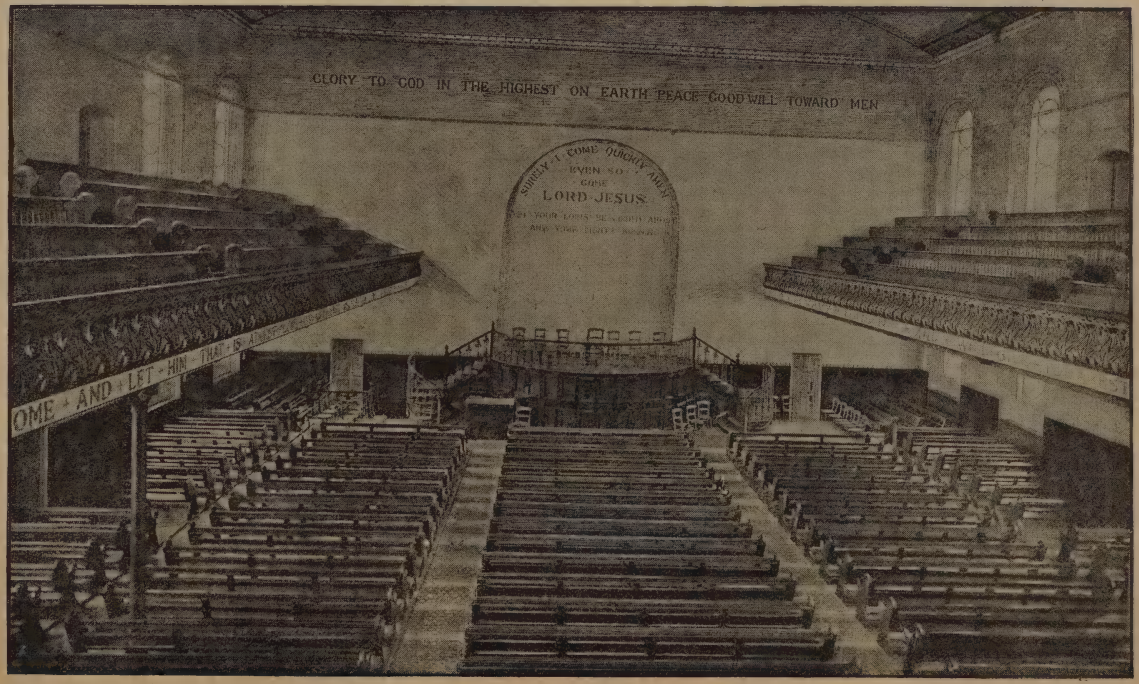
the various objects which were connected with its future. One who was present said, 'What a meeting that was! Praise for blessings received—all the work laid before God for His sanction. Mr. Pennefather seemed inspired as with prophetic vision. He saw all nationalities and churches, Jew and Gentile, sending their representatives to that hall; his face fairly shone as he prayed.'

August 4th, 1870, the commemoration service was held. A very interesting account is given, but we have space for only one incident, which we select. A young lady who was suffering from spiritual depression came with a friend to the conference. After one of the services they lingered to see the new hall, when her eye fell upon the words over one of the windows, 'When I see the blood I will pass over you.' It proved the Spirit's voice to her burdened heart; her burden was gone. Soon after, the news came of her death.

At the opening of each conference service a season of silent prayer is observed, usually for about five minutes. This is most impressive—a crowded house, all heads bowed in prayer to Him who, unseen, is 'in the midst.' Through the influence of one of these silent seasons a gentleman was converted. He relates the cir-

cumstances himself: 'Such a thing as attending a Gospel meeting on a week night I had not done for years. But to please a dear sister and her friend I promised to go for just *one* evening to the Mildmay Conference. What struck me first was the solemnity of the silent prayer. To witness so many hundreds bowed in solemn silence before the Throne of Grace, pleading specially for the unconverted then present, filled me with awe, and made me feel decidedly uncomfortable. I wondered whether *I* was to be really converted that night. To pray for such a thing was impossible. I did not wish it. I left the hall anxious and miserable. Till late in the morning I wrestled in prayer to God for pardon and peace without obtaining an answer, and, quite worn out, at 4 a.m. I lay down to rest.' On awakening, after prayer he found peace in reading St. Mark xi. 24-26 ('Life and Letters of Rev. W. Pennefather').

The money for the building had all come, and, free of debt, it was consecrated to God's service. With all that had been sent, only one stipulation had been made. A liberal friend who had contributed £5,000 had insisted that the buildings should be very plain, none of the money being expended in mere ornament, and that, while the hall should be placed eventually


GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST ON EARTH PEACE GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN
SURELY I COME QUICKLY AMEN
EVEN SO
COME
LORD JESUS
OME AND LET HIM

THE CONFERENCE HALL (INTERIOR).

in the hands of trustees, Mr. Pennefather should retain the sole management during his life.

The hall is beautiful in its severe simplicity. It has two excellent qualities—it is perfectly ventilated, and its seats most comfortable and quite free. It is not kept for show, nor for state occasions. Every Sunday afternoon and evening it is well filled by men and women, who are always sure to hear a good sound Gospel sermon from speakers of different denominations. It is always available for mission societies, for lectures, addresses, or any good purpose. It is used nearly every day in the week. Now the Cabmen's Mission has a great meeting; now the Open-Air Mission, or Dr. Barnardo's orphans, etc. Its uses are too manifold to enumerate. We saw a very long list of meetings made by the Conference Hall Superintendent for this year. As many as twenty different societies have advocated their claims in a twelvemonth. It has indeed proved a rallying place for all who love Christ.

We copy the following, found in a leading paper of the date of the commemoration :

'The Conference Hall, situated between Mildmay Park and Newington Green Road, will

seat 2,500 people (by putting in extra seats, 3,000). There is a gallery on three sides, and a comfortable and well-furnished platform. The floor is laid on an incline, so that all in the house can easily see the speaker, and the acoustics are so perfect that all can distinctly hear. The hall and house attached cost £25,000, which the Lord sent to the beloved founder in answer to prayer.' Beneath the hall are large class-rooms for a night school, and for mothers' meetings, Bible-classes and prayer meetings; and here the great annual teas are given to the various societies and missions connected with, and related to, the work. On Whit Monday is held the largest of these teas. About 1,250 from the out-lying missions are accustomed to spend the afternoon and evening here. Meanwhile various entertainments are given in the Conference Hall for their pleasure or instruction.

The babies are taken care of for the time by deaconesses, so that the poor tired mothers may be free to enjoy the day. One of the most interesting features of this annual gathering is the prayer meeting, in Room No. 6, of the converts from the missions.

The Jews have also their annual tea here, provided by the Rev. John Wilkinson. The arrange-

ment for these teas is one of the best proofs of Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather's practical ability. Nothing could be better planned to give the maximum of satisfaction at the minimum expenditure of force. The rooms are models, combining every necessity for many uses. Now a night school of six hundred men are busy with their lessons; now a morning prayer meeting; now a great tea changes the scene; now musical drill for the orphans shakes the building, as though it were shaking its sides with glee at the merry movements of these happy children; and for each purpose so well is it adapted you might think this is its one use. It would do you good to see the coal-heavers' tea, so hearty and full of gladness as these five hundred poor men are on this one day of their annual treat.

CHAPTER III.

THE NORTH LONDON TRAINING HOME. WHAT IS IT?

A CHAPTER on the deaconesses cannot be better introduced than by giving the little sketch written by Mrs. Pennefather eight years after the first step was taken towards forming what has become the Deaconess' Institution of to-day. This interesting sketch is about all we can find concerning its early stages. It is to be regretted that a complete record of the work has not been kept, and the correspondence preserved. But, for the same reason that no name was given, the founders of Mildmay, like the old cathedral builders, wrought for God's glory, and so made no provision for handing down the names or deeds that people would love to know about. They are recorded in the hearts of thousands who have felt the power of their lives, but it is difficult to tell the story of Mildmay so that its

friends will not miss many important links which would make it complete.

There has been much difficulty in finding any details of this early period, and how the work advanced. The merest reference to changes which have formed an epoch in the history of the growing institution is all that is left. The founders of Mildmay have been too reticent in regard to their mission. A great work was already established before the outside world knew of its existence. It is rather refreshing to find such a powerful institution, with all departments in perfect order, moving on without friction or noise in this busy age, when everything is 'boomed' with sound of trumpet, and sometimes a whole band in which the drum is very conspicuous. This was the first institution of the kind established among English-speaking people, as far as we can learn, and it is the model of most of the institutions which are becoming so numerous; yet it is unlike any others, and must be, since it is a growth, and its development has been determined by the needs of the time and its surroundings.

'It was on the 17th of August, 1860, a sweet, quiet summer morning, that a few friends assembled in a cottage home, in the little town

of Barnet, with the desire of consecrating its walls and its inmates to a new and sacred purpose. The long and narrow room in which that prayer-meeting was held had been added by a former occupant as a schoolroom. This might be turned to account in the work we were about to initiate—an attempt to follow our German sisters in their noble service of organized female ministry—a Deaconess' Institution. The very name would sound strange in England, but it had been the cherished thought of years in the heart of one then present, and the first pound towards its establishment had been wrapped up by a friend long before, and smilingly given to its projectors as a pledge of what might yet come to pass. There were many fervent prayers breathed at that meeting, and the earnest tones of a beloved sister, as she promised to support the infant institution with heart and hand, will not be forgotten by those who walked with her in the little garden behind the house. For four years was that promise sacredly kept, time and money and interest were given unsparingly to the work, and then the faithful servant was called to higher service.

'The band who met that morning has been widely scattered, and some, it may be, amidst

GROUP OF MILDMAY DEACONESSES.

the claims of their own busy life, have forgotten the little cottage home and humble workers with whom they so kindly sympathized. But the work then begun has gone forward, and while we look back and remember much infirmity and many difficulties, we can speak of eight years of exceeding mercy. We started with Kaiserswerth and its hallowed associations fresh in our minds, but the work was not intended, for many reasons, to be a copy of that valuable institution.

'In the first place, while we felt sure that the great principles of Christian work are the same in all countries, the domestic rules and practical details essentially belonging to the habits of another land must not be followed out on English ground; we may learn, but not transplant.

'Secondly, the hospital and infirmary nursing, though included in our scheme, would not, at least in the early stages of the present undertaking, occupy so prominent a place in our training as it does in the work of a German deaconess.

'Thirdly, the name and dress (though our own sympathies might go with both) would enlist a host of opponents, whose only ideas of such distinctions were associated with nuns and sisterhoods of Romish reputation.

'We began, then, simply as a Training Home for Female Missionaries; and inasmuch as the testing and preparing agents for foreign mission-fields formed a part of our plan, the appellation was not likely to mislead.

'As soon as the Cottage Home was inaugurated, a few notices were distributed in our own country and a few letters sent to foreign pastors, inquiring for women whose hearts "God had made willing." The only qualifications were consistent Christian character, earnest love for souls, and a fair amount of intelligence and education.

'The invitation met with a cordial response, and among the names since entered on our books in the mission department we find sisters from Switzerland, Germany, and Sweden, as well as from England, Scotland, and Ireland.'

We will here insert a letter written by Mr. Pennefather a year after the Home was formally opened, which will give an insight into the spirit with which the work was undertaken, and the plan of its operation:

COPY OF A LETTER ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

'February 15, 1861.

'MY DEAR FRIEND,

'You have taken such a deep interest in our Missionary Training Home for Young

Women, that I cannot leave you in ignorance of our proceedings.

'I informed you in my previous letter that we formally opened our Home on the 17th of August last. About forty persons most deeply interested in the undertaking were present, and my dear brother the Rev. C. Skrine and I dedicated the house to God's glory, and commended our missionary band to the wisdom and guidance of the Most High.

'Since then we have experienced much of the kindness and love of our Heavenly Father. Eleven young women have been admitted into our Home. The rule of admission is that they be received into the institution on the recommendation of two or three pious persons who testify to their Christian character and heartfelt interest in the Lord's service, and enter *on trial*, in order that their health and their aptitude for instruction, both in intellectual and practical knowledge, may be tested.

'You will be interested in reading the following general rules, drawn up by our Lady Superintendent :

'General Rules.

'Morning Prayers at 7.30 in the summer and 8 in the winter. Studies before prayers will be in preparation for the Bible Class, which will follow the breakfast.

'The morning to be principally devoted to study. The attention of each young woman will be directed to such subjects as are calculated to prepare her for that special position in the Church of God which, after prayerful consideration of her character and talents, appears to be appointed for her. The after part of the day will be frequently devoted to active employment in the Lord's Vineyard; so that, while the young women use their *present* powers in their Master's service, they may gain practical experience to fit them for increased *future* usefulness.

'Each young woman to learn thoroughly, and to assist in performing, *every kind of household and domestic duty*, as the resident superintendent shall appoint.*

'A spirit of obedience, diligence, punctuality and order is essential to the comfort of every household, and is indispensable among those who are to be "epistles of Christ, known and read of all men," and who desire, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, "to endure hardness" in missionary work at home or abroad.

'Above all, we must cultivate an unselfish spirit of love and of Christ-like humility.

'You will thus see that the inmates are taught to tread in His footsteps who "pleased not Himself," and who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." It is felt that unless they are willing to take upon them, as Jesus did, "the form of a servant," they are really disqualified for missionary labour, whether at home or abroad.

'During the last few months our young

* The domestic duties have since been modified.

women have had the privilege of intercourse with four very devoted servants of the Lord, the wives of missionaries. These ladies have kindly communicated their experience to our missionary band, and we have felt the benefit of their practical knowledge. It is arranged that one of our young women should accompany Mrs. Lechler, as a fellow-helper in the work, to Southern India. Another of our candidates, having passed two years in Syria as governess in a missionary's family, is hoping to return to that country to labour amongst the Syrian women. A third has shown an aptitude for nursing the sick, and is likely to be employed, after further training, in that capacity abroad.

'I have been gratified by having numerous applications for Bible-women, matrons, and female visitors of the poor. Our infant institution has not yet been able to supply the demand, but the fact of such a demand shows the necessity for our Missionary Training Home. We need a larger house, to receive numerous candidates seeking admission within our walls, and increased funds to carry out our operations. In the effort I am now making I have been encouraged by the opinion of Miss Nightingale, who kindly wrote from her sick-chamber on

receiving a copy of my former letter to you. She says: "I hail with the greatest satisfaction every attempt to train in practical activity all female missionaries, whether for home or foreign service, whether rich or poor. I am sure that whatever you do will be blessed in this thing."

'One of our young women, after her period of probation, was deemed unsuited for missionary labour. A second, having left us, has been received into another institution. A third felt herself unequal to "endure hardness," and left at her own request. Eight are at present happily improving themselves in various branches of knowledge under our valued Superintendent's eye.

'I see, amongst the poor around me, traces of the blessings which these young women have left behind them in their visits to the homes of the cottagers; and the few months' experience which God has permitted me to have, has only deepened a long-cherished feeling that He is about to pour out His Spirit upon our handmaids, and employ them throughout the length and breadth of His vineyard. It seems strange that, while training institutions and colleges are deemed essential for men who are to be used either as *medical* missionaries or as

preachers of the Gospel, there should not be institutions where women may acquire that knowledge of the bodies and minds of their fellow-creatures which would render them capable of fulfilling their high destiny as help-meets to man.

'I know you will give us your sympathy, and tell others of our need. Above all, you will lay before Him, in Whom all fulness dwells, the wants which He can abundantly supply. I see stretching out before us vast fields of labour both at home and abroad, and the cry reaches the ears of women as well as men, "Come over and help us!" Oh that it may please our Heavenly Father to strengthen our faith in Him, and to teach us to work diligently while it is called to-day; for fast fall the long shadows of that evening which tells of a day of grace gone for ever!

'Let me add, before I close, that if the Lord prosper our plans, we purpose receiving into a house (connected with our Missionary Home) the children of missionaries, whether orphans or otherwise, who are unable to gain admittance into the existing schools. A shelter will thereby be afforded for many young persons whose parents or friends are now perplexed respecting them, and additional employment will be pro-

vided for our young women as their numbers increase. The payment for such children will be about £25 per annum.

'Believe me to remain,

'My dear friend,

'Ever yours affectionately,

'WILLIAM PENNEFATHER.'

In June, 1864, the Mission Home was removed from Barnet to North London, and in 1871 the present Deaconess House was buit adjoining the Conference Hall.

In 1866 a Nursing branch was added to the Mission Home, which has since developed into an important part of the deaconess' work. Of this we will speak later.

From the previous sketch we see this work has been a growth full of vigour from the first, putting out new branches naturally and at the proper time. Little has been done to attract public notice. It has been a quiet, vigorous work, always keeping the thought of the founder to the front: 'to glorify God, to save the lost, and to minister to the Lord's poor.'

We have seen how the Conference Hall and Deaconess House were built; indeed, the work has developed from the *needs* of the time, and has been adapted to them. We see, also, that

all the work which has grown up from this small beginning, not only in London but in foreign lands as well, has developed around the two central thoughts represented: first, in the Conference Hall, which stands for the union of all Christians of whatever name; and second, the Deaconess House, which represents the ministry and service of woman, trained for organized and systematic work in the various branches to which she is by nature especially adapted.

When the name 'Training Home' was changed to 'Deaconess House' does not appear in any of the records; and apparently it was never formally adopted, but gradually assumed, to avoid mistakes, as the home for the workers in the districts was called 'Mission House.' The present training home was a later development.

Mrs. Pennefather gave two very good reasons for the use of a distinctive garb. First, when the workers were called to go into the wretched parts of the East-end, a dress known as belonging to Mildmay deaconesses was a protection. With this distinction they could go where the policemen did not venture alone, and were never molested.

Secondly, it seemed desirable for the workers

to have as little trouble and expense in regard to dress as is consistent with a modest and ladylike appearance. It is not always easy to get a simple dress made without study and care. One of the deaconesses who was a worker before the costume was adopted, remarked, 'Before we decided to have a regular dress, we used to have the greatest difficulty to find a simple shape for our bonnets. Now we have no trouble whatever; we know just where we can find everything.'

It must be a great relief to be able to say, 'I will have a new bonnet and a new dress made,' and in a few days it comes, exactly what you want, no trouble or thought about it! No vexatious delays about the style; and the fact that the Mildmay deaconesses feel it an honour and a privilege to wear this dress is in its favour. The dress is a passport everywhere in London, respected and honoured by all classes from the highest to the lowest. They have no trouble even in choosing the material. The winter goods are manufactured for Mildmay. The dress is simple, inexpensive, and becoming to everyone. It is most suitable for its purpose. A Mildmay deaconess is always well and becomingly dressed for every occasion.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEACONESS AT HOME.

'If God thou fearest,
Rise up and do thy whole life through
The duty that lies nearest.
The friendly word, the kindly deed,
Though small the act in seeming,
Shall in the end unto thy soul
Prove mightier than thy dreaming.'

WHAT is a deaconess? This question is daily becoming one of more importance to the Christian Church, as it becomes a settled fact that woman's agency is necessary in the evangelization of the world.

This is already recognised amongst the most intelligent and successful workers of the Church. At the recent Ecumenical Conference in Washington, D.C., Bishop Ninde, in his eloquent address on 'The Deaconess' Work,' said: 'I do not believe we shall ever reach the unreached, and seemingly unreach-

able masses of our large cities without woman's participation in that work. She has wonderful adaptation for it. Chicago is a moral storm-centre. Yet several years ago a lonely woman went into the Bohemian centre (there are 60,000 of these people). She rented a room, organized a Sunday-school, and sought admission to the homes of the people. At first they distrusted and repelled her, but finally, as noiselessly as a sunbeam, she entered every door and left it ajar. She performed every possible office. She laid a bunch of flowers at the bedside of the sick; she tied the ribbon around the folded hands of the dead baby. By-and-by the hearts warmed toward her; and they invited her and welcomed her. A ministry of love is thus opening the way for Christ's Gospel.'

This movement has passed beyond the period of incredulity and ridicule. We can remember the sneer which met those who first felt called upon to devote themselves to a definite Christian life. To quote Mrs. Pennefather's words, 'It has had to do battle with all the defined and undefined objections that could be raised against the most simple attempt to organize a band of women-workers. It has encountered an alarming host of whispered suspicions and open

antagonisms; but, having obtained help of God, it continues unto this day.'

Those who had to do with the organization of woman's work in our own land will readily appreciate the discouragements met with and the obstacles overcome. Our Women's Foreign Missionary Society had to struggle through difficulties that required all the courage which has been developed in Christian womanhood; but now all seem to recognise God's hand in the open doors placed before her to-day.

Possibly we are passing a more dangerous period—that of romance or unreality. There is danger that love of novelty or excitement will creep into our plan for Christian work, and thus hinder the good results. In many of our so-called Protestant Churches there are institutions arising closely allied to the Roman Catholic sisterhoods. It is an alarming tendency, and should be discouraged as hostile to the best interests of woman, as well as Christianity.

But such institutions as Fliedner's at Kaiserswerth and Mrs. Pennefather's at Mildmay, and many which have arisen since, are of quite a different stamp, and are worthy of careful study.

A thorough knowledge of the deaconess's life

(used in the Biblical sense, 'a servant of the Church,' Rom. xvi. 2) will furnish the best antidote for those who are afflicted with the romantic desire to enter upon such a life.

It is often said, 'There is no chance at Mildmay for anyone to become a martyr or a hero'; and this is quite likely to be very thoroughly impressed upon the mind of a candidate during the month which introduces her to her work. She receives every day a good lesson in wholesome, practical helpfulness, which leaves no room for sentimental Christianity or idle dreaming. Madame Rappard, of St. Chrischona Mission, said, in speaking of this institution, whose workings she has known from the first: 'There is such a healthful, vigorous Christian life at Mildmay—nothing morbid.' And this is very noticeable to every observer. One of the oft-repeated instructions given by Mrs. Pennefather is, 'Be natural and sincere.'

Let us pay a visit to the Deaconess House, then go with them to their outlying missions, and thus be able to judge for ourselves.

The Deaconess Home, or Centre House, is an extension of the Conference Hall. Deaconess House, Men's Night School Rooms, No. 6, and Invalid Kitchen are under one roof, and admirably adapted to their various purposes. This

large building is located within the Compound, and pleasantly encircled with gardens. If you come from Newington Green Road, you pass through a large entrance-gate, and a winding drive-way brings you to the Centre House. Opposite this, and a few steps from it, a small gate opens into a snug little garden, through which we shall find our way to the Probation House, which fronts Newington Green Road.

We shall soon feel at home in this bright and pleasant sitting-room with the deaconess who presides over this home. Her long experience has prepared her not only to judge of the real character of the candidates, but to render valuable help to those who are entering upon a new and untried life.

Most of those who enjoy the privileges of this home for a month come away from it strengthened and confirmed in a life of devotion to God.

During this time they are expected to gain a thorough knowledge of all it involves to become a deaconess. Each candidate must present references as to character and fitness for the work from two clergymen or well-known friends. She must also pass the test of the Mildmay physician, as good health and a cer-

tain amount of physical endurance are necessary for this undertaking. The candidate is introduced to the various outlying missions by the deaconesses. Under their guidance she sees as much of the work as possible, and very soon is set to work, district-visiting being usually the first duty assigned.

This is a good test of ability as well as of the genuineness of her purpose. Very few, unless real Christians, will find pleasure in visiting in these wretched homes, where sin, sorrow, want, and often the most repulsive forms of human suffering, meet you at every door. The heart must be full of Divine compassion to find joy in this ministry. Many a young lady whose life is so crowded with blessings that she has no time to realize them might find rest in such a life.

The last week of the month the candidate spends at one of the missions, doing full work. If, at the end of this period, she still feels called to be a deaconess, and if she seems likely to become a willing and efficient helper, she is received into the Centre House as a regular probationer; or, if she is young and inexperienced, she is sent to the training home at The Willows, of which we will speak later. In the Deaconess House she becomes a beloved

member of the family, and has her regular duties assigned. There is no solemn ceremony introducing her to this sacred calling, no promise exacted. Each has an interview with Mrs. Pennefather, who is quick to see any difficulty, and is sure to give just the helpful counsel needed. One said in speaking of it: 'It has always seemed to me that sitting by her side that day I first realized all that Christ would be to those who really loved Him. She was the first who made Him become a living reality to me, and she gave a motive to my life. "You know, my dear," she said, "it is such a great privilege to do anything for the Lord."'

They also meet Miss Coventry, whose kind sympathy and gentle tact put even the very shy at ease. She is always able to give helpful and timely advice. No one can come in contact with these two ladies, in taking such an important step, without coming away from such communion with higher views of duty, and more firm in purpose to do God's will.

The most interesting feature of Mildmay is the controlling influence for good exerted by these two devoted women—so simple and sincere and real in all they do and say. It is an inspiration to live in such an atmosphere. They receive candidates from all Evangelical

Churches, but they are required to be sound on the essentials of Gospel truth. The institution is extremely careful that all who enter this work should be earnest Christians, and prepared to teach the way of salvation to others, both by precept and example. This simple introduction to their work is more impressive in its personal influence than a public ceremony might be. If Mildmay were productive of no other good than what it has done, and is doing in training the hundreds of young women to a life of practical Christianity and deep spirituality, it would be worthy the support of all true Christians.

We know of no place where such careful, sensible training in the principles and practice of a consecrated life is given as here. The teaching is healthful; there is nothing morbid or visionary in the life of a Mildmay deaconess. It seems to be the one aim to bring them face to face with the real duties and responsibilities to Him who has here always the first place in every transaction. There are no fascinating illusions; everything is marked with the greatest simplicity and sincerity. 'No committee, no machinery,' is one of the rules.

At this house a degree of home-like freedom, quite unusual in so large a family, prevails;

still, there is not the slightest chance for irregularity or idle dreaming. It is a workers' home, and all the appointments of the entire household are made with reference to the comfort and health of the workers. While Mrs. Pennefather and Miss Coventry are both ladies of remarkable *personal* influence, and all yield the most loving and loyal obedience to such requirements as are necessary to the comfort of all, yet there is room for the largest play of individual traits of character; so that in living with the deaconesses you do not feel there is a set pattern to which each must be fashioned, as is too often the case in institutional life. The originality, the personal traits of each, are preserved and encouraged; it is a life of free and natural exuberance of spirits, of freedom of thought and opinion expressed in the spirit of kindness. You scarcely hear an unkind criticism. Mrs. Pennefather's text for 1891 was 1 Peter v. 5: 'Yea, all of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility.' Dr. Burns Thompson gave the address upon this text, and it was most beautiful and impressive; its influence has been felt in the daily work.

Though the life here is one of self-surrender and of self-abnegation, it would be difficult to

find a number of women so happy in their work as these; though many of them have given up pleasant homes, and the delightful pursuits of literature, art, and social life. A year with them in the unconstrained intercourse of every day, confirms what so impressed me at first. There is a loyalty to Mildmay and its interests which marks every worker, and there is a charm in the life here whose spell is felt even by the casual visitor, though the longer you stay the more you feel its power.

The deaconesses are distinguished by a very simple and ladylike dress becoming to everyone. A lady once remarked: 'I always feel so badly dressed in the presence of the deaconesses; their white caps and aprons, their little cuffs and collars, are so immaculately clean, and their dresses so neat and suitable.' Others have had the same feeling.

There are about fifty in the Centre House. One of the number is appointed House-Deaconess, upon whom fall the duties of housekeeper. She ranks with the heads of missions, and this is accepted as work for Christ just as much as the other. Hers is, indeed, a very important mission, as the home-maker's always is. She ministers to the comfort

and health of those who are more exposed, and by her loving sympathy and tender care gives help where it is most needed and strengthens the hands of the workers. Hers is rather a difficult position, and needs tact and experience, as well as firmness, to meet its varied requirements. She orders the supplies, controls the servants, and makes it, instead of a boarding-house, a pleasant home where everyone's comfort is secured.

The workers who return late from their missions have a warm supper served for them. No one, however, is on any account to return later than 10.30 p.m. Miss Coventry is very particular about this rule, also to know that each worker is at home when due. A very good plan is adopted. At breakfast slips of paper are distributed. Each head of a mission writes on this slip how many of her workers are out for dinner or tea, how many are early or late home. These slips are passed to the Assistant-Superintendent and booked. They answer two purposes: it is known just how many will be at each meal, and when each is due at the Centre House. After saying good-bye to Miss Coventry, each one as she goes out moves a little block, on which her name is written, in a frame hanging by the hall-door,

and when she returns she moves it back; so by glancing at this the House-Deaconess knows who is still out. If anyone fails to appear when due, she telegraphs to her mission, and search is made at once. The object will be seen for this care.

These young ladies work in the worst quarters of London—in the 'slum of slums,' Bethnal Green and Whitechapel district—so every safeguard is thrown around them simply for protection. No one goes out at night alone: they go two-and-two for evening duty. It is a remarkable fact that no one of them has ever been molested in her work.

Each department is responsible to its head, all responsible to the Superintendent. There is no clashing of authority, no friction.

Breakfast is served at 8 a.m. All who are able are present, except those who are delegated to remain at the mission-houses. If any are unable to appear, this is reported to the Invalid Kitchen, whence their breakfast is sent them by the kindest of faithful servants, who has served in the Invalid Kitchen for years, and is greatly beloved by all. No one is made to feel uncomfortable for resting, but the kind solicitude shown makes everyone careful not to cause unnecessary trouble.

Breakfast is the meeting for all, and after grace is said or sung Miss Coventry gives a text; then each member of the family repeats a verse of Scripture, either on a subject given for the day or selected by herself. Then Miss Coventry reads such portions of letters as are of common interest—letters from those who have gone to the foreign field, or from such as are away temporarily. This makes a very pleasant feature of the home life. In this way everyone is kept in touch with all phases of the work. These letters are full of personal characteristics, racy, and often with touches of humour or pathos which make them very entertaining. Even a stranger learns to love these unknown sisters whose letters breathe such affection for the old home. It is a wide home-circle which centres here: China, Japan, Africa, India, Palestine, Malta, Egypt—even America has its representative, besides all parts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

A perfect system of household economy provides bountifully for all; yet not a crumb is wasted, nor is there a creak in the domestic machinery.

Prayers are held in No. 6 directly after breakfast, led either by the Rev. F. W. C. Rigby (a clergyman of the Church of England, who is

chaplain) or Dr. Burns Thompson (a member of the Free Church of Scotland). The singing, which is very beautiful and full of true feeling, is conducted by Miss Coventry. Everyone enjoys this half-hour of drawing near to God. It is home-worship; the joys and sorrows of each are shared by all. The day is closed by worship in the sitting-room, conducted by one of the deaconesses. All the servants are present at both exercises.

The house is plainly furnished, but there is an air of refinement and homeliness that makes it a restful place for those who come from the depressing scenes of the missions.

I have a distinct remembrance of my first impressions when introduced into this delightful circle. It was Friday evening in January, very cold and cheerless without. A large number were at home for 'rest-night.' I had come with rather a prejudiced mind in regard to this kind of life. I expected to see something of an air of repression, or at least unnatural restraint. As I entered the hall I saw the text upon the wall: 'This is the law of the house. The whole limit thereof round about shall be most holy. Behold, this is the law of the house' (Ezek. xliii. 12). This rather strengthened my previous ideas. Just then

Miss Agar, the Second Superintendent, met me with such a hearty welcome and such an easy naturalness that I forgot all my preconceived notions, and was rather prepared for the cheerful sight which met me as I entered the family sitting-room.

It was a bright picture. The room forty feet square, with a rather low ceiling; seven large windows draped with crimson and white curtains; two wide fireplaces glowing with grateful warmth; numerous clusters of gas-jets making it so light you could easily see to read or write in any part of the room. A hum of pleasant voices greeted us. Groups with needle-work or knitting were chatting pleasantly together; the merry laugh, the bright faces, the ease and freedom which marked all their movements, gave the impression of a happy home. A large grand piano in one corner stood open; book-cases well filled extended along one side; easy-chairs and various kinds of seats familiar to English people invited to rest. Everywhere were the indications of refined and cultured women, and the homeliness that is so pleasant to feel.

These women were in the prime of life, some quite young, but all seemed bright and alert as though life was a very real good. I could not

believe these faces were daily saddened by contact with the poorest and most wretched of London. This must be a sort of ideal life—these cannot be the women who work in the 'slums'! Later I learned better; I found those whose faces are the brightest, whose laugh is the merriest, are the very ones who carry the same joy into the darkest homes, and who are the quickest to feel for the sinful and to extend the helping hand. Indeed, every night in the week, save this one, 'rest-night,' and every day except a part of Saturday, is spent in this ministry of love to the poor, the sick, and the sinful. If you speak to them of hardship to which they are exposed, of the late hours and privation, with a merry laugh they will say: 'Oh, I love my people; dear things, it would break my heart to leave them.' 'I am never tired of my work. I wish I might stay at my mission all of the time, but we may not, we must come up'—the last in an injured tone, as though the one grievance is that they are not permitted to spend all their time among the poor. This is not affectation; there is a joy in this work found in no other. The English and American women are the most elastic, as well as the most practical women in the world. I am sure they are very nearly related.

Many of these deaconesses are women who have private means, and have come here for love of the Master.

No country in the world sends more women of high rank, of liberal culture, of good social position, into the mission-field than England. Many go into foreign lands, and at their own expense not only build hospitals, but work in these hospitals themselves, doing the most lowly service for the poor heathen. The history of one, a Mildmay deaconess, is given in a beautiful little book entitled 'Light on an Eastern Shore.'

It was my privilege to meet another last summer at the Conference. She is a lady of rank and wealth, a simple, sweet child of God, called by her given name, so delicate in health that no society could accept her, yet she is doing noble work among the Moslems of Cairo, Egypt. I shall not forget the light that shone in her sweet face as she conducted prayers in No. 6, the morning before her return to her chosen field.

This is one of the most hopeful signs of the times, that women of high culture and sound education, of all nationalities, are giving their lives to Christian work. It is, perhaps, a result of the enlarged opportunities afforded women

in this great century. 'Who knoweth but thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?' It is something to praise God for, that Christian women of to-day see in these blessings added responsibilities to God for the right use of these gifts.

What Mildmay is doing is worthy of imitation. Many whose homes have been despoiled by death find here home and friends. Thirty-two years ago this first deaconess home among English-speaking people began with four women, who timidly offered themselves to this work. Now the Mildmay dress is worn under almost all skies; and in London alone 100,000 people are regularly receiving this blessed ministration to bodily and spiritual needs.

No one can live in this home without feeling the power of a Christian life, the stir of the mission spirit, and without being brought to a deeper study of God's Word. It is the home toward which many longing eyes are turned from distant lands, toward which they hasten full of the joy of home-coming—where they are sure of a warm welcome. This house is humming all day with the song of happy toil. It is rightly named the Centre House, for it is the very centre of all this immense Mission. It is located in North London, close to the

Mildmay Park Station of the North London Railway. The ground is high, the soil gravel, and the air fresh and bracing. It is within easy access of the very poorest districts. The workers are expected to sleep here several nights each week, and it is a necessary change.

It was a kind Providence that located this home on this beautiful height. The garden affords a pleasant place for out-of-door recreation, and the old mulberry-tree has witnessed many glorious meetings under its ample shade. The opening of this home has been fraught with untold good, not only to the poor and sinful, but to a large number of women whose lives were in danger of going to waste for want of a proper channel for their helpfulness. It has been given to Mrs. Pennefather to see 'the pleasure of the Lord prosper in her hands.' May she live long to direct and bless this noble institution!

CHAPTER V.

THE COMPOUND AND ITS INSTITUTIONS.

'Great floods have flowed
From simple sources, and great seas have dried'
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.'

THE Compound is a name transplanted to English soil from India. We have spoken at length of the Conference Hall and the Deaconess House as located in the Compound. This is situated between Mildmay Park and Newington Green Road, an irregular piece of ground surrounded on three sides by blocks of houses, most of which have been absorbed little by little into this growing work; on the fourth side is the large and beautiful garden used as a pleasant retreat for the workers, and often open to the poor people from the missions, for a holiday.

The buildings of the Compound have a little garden at the rear of each, which is entered

from the Compound, so all these homes are favoured with a pleasant seclusion from the public gaze—a characteristic of English life. To the right of the Newington Green Road entrance the beautiful brick mansion called the

A PEEP IN THE COMPOUND.

* Illumination Room. Cottage Hospital. Entrance to Deaconess House.

Garden House was built by Mr. Mathieson while he was Superintendent of the Conference Hall, and by him given to Mildmay as the home for the Superintendent. It is occupied at the present time by Colonel J. F. Morton.

Near by are the offices and the gentlemen's waiting-room. The Rev. F. Rigby, the Chaplain, occupies the second house on the left; Mr. Badenoch, the secretary, the first; and Dr. Burns Thompson the third.

We have already referred to the Probation House, and next to that is the Invalid Home. This home is one of the many proofs that Mildmay, while she cares for the poor and needy, does not overlook the wants of her workers. The tender care bestowed on any deaconess who falls sick is most touching. If very ill, she is taken to the Cottage Hospital, where the best skill is employed. Trained nurses watch every symptom; nothing is omitted. It is rare to find such care even in a private home. This is in harmony with Christ's teaching. It is only among heathen that the worn-out worker is turned away from home and friends. A faithful worker who has served an institution with the best part of her life ought to have kind sympathy when failing strength precludes her from full work. Mildmay affords a good example in this respect. For this purpose an Invalid Home is provided. Such as are no longer able to do full work, or are laid aside by fatal illness, find here the rest of a home and

the best nursing. A very interesting proof of this has fallen under my own observation. One of the deaconesses, after a painful illness of two years, passed away only a few months after I came. She received every attention that love and skill could bestow.

This home is presided over by a deaconess, and it also receives a limited number of Christian ladies who are invalids, at a moderate expense, where they can have good care and a quiet home. Hitherto only a few deaconesses have given up active service on account of failure of health. Mildmay has been highly favoured in the strength and endurance of her workers. This is largely due to wise care taken of them in their work and when ill, and especially to the blessing of God.

Near this house is the Registry for Servants and Servants' Training Home, under the supervision of a deaconess also. It affords an opportunity for good servants to secure a situation, and is also a reliable medium of intelligence for those who desire good domestics; while it gives a home to those who are out of employment for a brief time.

These all are Christian homes, and in their influence good. In 1872 one of the most interesting branches of work was established by

Mrs. Pennefather in the Orphanage, to which we will now introduce you.

It is under the careful and loving superintendence of Miss Coventry, who delegates one of the deaconesses to live in the house and be the mother to these little girls and see to their training. This home was opened with five little girls, and has increased to thirty-six, the limit at present received.

It owed its origin to the Founder, who thought the love and care of children an essential factor in the training of the deaconesses; and also that there was need for two classes not provided for in the many institutions for homeless children in London. First, children who had lost their mother, whose father might pay for their support, but could not afford such care and training as are most essential. Secondly, children who had lost their father, and the mother must become the bread-winner. The Orphanage has met both these wants in a most satisfactory manner, and is within reach of all such little ones. Only a short time ago a dying mother entrusted her little girls to the Orphanage, and died feeling sure they would be well brought up. They are thoroughly taught in such branches of knowledge as the law requires. They are trained in all depart-

ments of household duties, sewing, and care of health, behaviour, etc., and the Bible forms an important part of their instruction. The baby of the house is now three years old. Her mother died before she was six months of age. She was a Christian; but the father was a drunkard, and he left the child with an unprincipled woman, who treated her very cruelly. A lady who had known her mother found her in a most pitiful condition, brought her to the Orphanage, and kindly provides for her support. The little face was pinched and old; she did not know what a kiss meant; she could not be made to smile. Her limbs were stiff from sitting constantly on a cold stone floor, and she was covered with sores really caused by starvation. No one would recognise in the little rosy-cheeked, sunny-haired pet, who gladdens the Deaconess House with her bright ways and wise sayings, that she is the same poor little waif brought here two years ago.

The children go to the seaside for July, when they enjoy sea-bathing, tent-making, and out-of-door games. It is a very happy family, as well as a very industrious one.

There are other institutions in the Compound, to which we will give another chapter.

The Centre House is the nucleus of a great number of Christian activities carried on by the deaconesses and workers allied with them. Foremost among them is the Men's Night-School, already referred to as held in the rooms under the Conference Hall.

This is one of the institutions peculiar to Mildmay in some respects. There are night-schools everywhere; but this is unique, and perhaps has an exceptionally interesting history. It was opened in 1870 with fourteen men. Before the Education Act of 1872 the provisions for educating poor people's children were limited, and one of the needs that pressed with great weight upon Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather was that of providing proper instruction for this class. This Men's Night-School has been an important factor in the mission-work.

From thirty-five to forty classes are taught here by the deaconesses and the ladies from The Willows. It is held three nights each week from October to April yearly. It enrolled for many years over 500 men; its numbers are less now, since the schools supply a good opportunity for all, but even this year an average attendance of 316 was reported.

In this school 22,000 men have been taught,

some of them attending year after year. A great variety of trades and callings are represented among the pupils. The evening is always closed either with a Bible lesson or address, sacred song, and prayer.

The instruction is free, and the fact that at the close of the last session 100 prizes were distributed, 256 certificates for merit, and 33 for shorthand and 7 for book-keeping from the Society of Arts, speaks well for the quality of work done.

The men are all engaged in business from early morn till late eve, yet they have the courage to come here and devote themselves to hard study. It is a very interesting sight to see this large band of men busy in their classes. The most respectful attention marks every division. They come from all grades of labour, as well as from clerkships.

A large Sunday class, now conducted by Mr. Badenoch, has grown out of this school, consisting of 200 working men. Many of these become plain Gospel preachers for mission-work or open-air services.

The Dorcas work is another institution which centres here in the Compound and branches out into all the missions. For more than twenty years it has been doing a good work by

giving employment and reasonable wages to a large number. It is, besides, a sort of training-school for women, many of whom become skilled needlewomen. The work is all cut out and prepared under the Superintendent's care. She is very particular—requires the work to be returned promptly, clean, and well done. The work is graded, and the price depends upon the grade. A very high grade of work is done by the best class, and there is always an incentive given to do good work. The women who get most work come from the Mildmay missions, and must be recommended by the head of the mission from which they come. About forty women are employed at the centre ; then there are branches established in each mission, so that about 400 women are employed at these Dorcas clubs. In the missions they are taught to sew whilst someone reads to them, and the evenings are closed with a Bible-lesson and prayer. The gospel of cleanliness and industry is enforced by the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, so that into these dark homes comes a wholesome change. The garments made at these Dorcas clubs are sold to the mothers for the price of the material, so it is a boon in this way. Last year (1891) the Central Dorcas Work paid 94 women £107 10s. for making 12,461

garments, which only represents a small part of the work done for the poor by this institution.

A Sewing Class for Widows meets under the Conference Hall three mornings each week through the winter. They each earn sixpence a day, and sit in a warm room and listen to reading, with the usual Scripture lesson to close. In very cold weather frequently they are served with a hot cup of coffee, cocoa and bread-and-butter. Poor things! these are the only comfortable days they have in the week. It would do any discontented person good to see how bright and thankful they are.

The Flower Mission is one of the beautiful ministries of love carried on here. It recognises even in the very lowest an element of the lost Eden, and gives them a token of God's unfailing love. One poor deaf-and-dumb man was brought into a London hospital. No one could get any sign or expression from him till a lady from the Mildmay Bible Flower Mission placed a bunch of heather in his hand. He was quite moved. He held it above his head in both hands, his face expressing great joy. Often the only way to gain admittance to homes where they need the Gospel is to send flowers, which are almost sure to open the

doors. Those who cultivate these precious tokens of God's love for such a purpose are doing His will, and will not fail of His recognition. About 2,000 bunches of flowers, each with text affixed, are distributed weekly by this Department from May to September in various London hospitals and workhouse infirmaries; and about 7,000 gifts of tea, woollen mittens, comforters, etc., are given at Christmas.

Another building in the Compound must not be overlooked. It is called the Illumination Room. It is a very bright and cosy place to drop into on a cheerless foggy London day. A cheerful fire in the grate, comforting texts on the walls, old-fashioned chairs and sofas, invite you to be comfortable; tables with twisted and clawed legs, bits of quaint furniture, amuse you (it is used as the ladies' waiting-room); and, best of all, the dear little deaconess who presides over it is sure to give you a bright welcome; so that you will soon forget the fog and the cold east wind. Here are found the beautiful Mildmay cards. From this room they are sent into many homes in many lands, carrying messages of comfort and joy to sad hearts.

This is a service of love for the Master, and

few packages go out without a prayer breathed for a blessing to go with them. The history of this department proves how providentially all these blessings have come.

This illumination of Scripture texts originated with Mildmay, and has not only been a blessing in a spiritual sense, as it was intended, but it has proved a source of no small revenue to help the funds of the general work.

I know of no institution where such a variety of talent is employed, and so many interesting and original characters are gathered into one circle, as here. This is largely due to the fact that both Mrs. Pennefather and Miss Coventry encourage the development of all the gifts God has bestowed, and teach the use of all these for God's glory.

For many years Miss Schlienz, a devoted Mildmay deaconess (but an invalid), designed and executed some most artistic designs in illuminated texts. She fell asleep in Jesus early in June, 1892.

Miss Holland has done most to develop this branch of Mildmay. She is gifted with an artistic insight, and she had designed a few texts for her brother, who was a clergyman, before she came to Mildmay. When she became a deaconess, she left her brushes and

paints at home, thinking there would now be no use for them. But for a year she was laid aside from active work by illness. During this time it occurred to her she might even now do something for the Master by setting the precious gems of His Word in a fitting frame. So the custom of sending out these beautiful cards grew from this thought. It has proved a means of salvation to many who would not read God's Word otherwise. This shows what may be done by those who are shut in from active service. No one can ever estimate the good that has been done in this one line of work. The Mildmay texts are in all places where the Mildmay friends are to be found. Whenever you enter a mission house or hall, the first thing to attract your attention is the texts. They are so wisely chosen, so 'out-of-the-ordinary,' that they show how carefully the selections have been made. Each building has Scripture verses suited to the purposes of the room. Mr. Pennefather selected the texts for the Conference Hall with much prayer, that they might speak to hearts when voices were no longer heard, and so they do.

In one of the mission halls, the woman who was employed to keep it clean was struck with

the texts, went home and told her husband, and both were converted through the Word thus presented.

'The entrance of Thy Word giveth light.'

CHAPTER VI.

MILDMAY MISSIONS.

'Have ye trodden the lonely highway,
The foul and darksome street?
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming
The print of My wounded Feet.'

C. P.

THE real object of all which we have described, with its various activities, is, after all, to be found in the outlying missions, or work among the very poor and degraded of the overcrowded Metropolis.

There are twenty of these missions scattered within the radius of the darkest districts of London. At the beginning of the present year there were no fewer than 100,000 of these poor continually and regularly visited by eighty or more of the deaconesses already referred to. These women not only go from house to house, but among the crowded tenements from room to room, carrying the Gospel to those who

otherwise would not hear it, and ministering to the wants of soul and body. In almost every instance they are gladly welcomed.

During the severity of winter, when so many avenues of labour are closed, many must have died of want had it not been for the bread and coal tickets distributed by the Mildmay deaconesses and other Christian people. Each deaconess is allowed monthly a certain amount of relief, to be used in such ways as seem best suited to the emergency. The sum depends largely upon the generosity of such people as are interested in this work, and who send money and clothing to Mildmay. Often a special gift comes at just the right time, and in answer to prayer. An accurate account of all moneys received and expended is kept, and the books are examined each month. The cases are very carefully looked up by the deaconess in charge before expending the money. There is usually a wise discrimination exercised in its distribution.

A mission is planted in a parish at the request of the vicar of that parish, if there are workers enough to enter upon it. The mission is controlled by Mrs. Pennefather, and is for the most part worked from the centre. A staff of from four to six deaconesses is stationed

at a mission-house rented for the purpose. Most of the workers north of the Thames reside at Mildmay; those south of the river at the branch Deaconess House at Brixton. This home accommodates about twenty deaconesses, whose work is found in several centres within easy reach of it. This is a home carried on in much the same way as the Centre House, and is under Miss Coventry's general supervision. A deaconess resides there, and makes a very pleasant home for the staff who work in that part of London. The workers are expected to spend several nights each week in the purer air of one of these homes. But the mission-house has one of the family at least on the spot, thus making a permanent home among the poor.

'Oh, now we believe in your religion,' said a poor man, long an infidel, 'because the ladies have come to live with us!'

At each mission centre there is a complete circle of Evangelistic services, which are followed up and supplemented by thorough district-visiting and individual effort, each deaconess having her own territory assigned. They soon know their own people, and can render them help in many ways. Then there are Bible-classes for all who will attend,

mothers' meetings, sewing-classes, night-schools for men and lads, Dorcas clubs, temperance meetings, and invalid-kitchens, where good, nutritious food is prepared for the sick.

Friends in the country open their extensive and pleasant grounds to 'excursions' for the poor from the worst slums. It is such a boon to spend a day in the pure air among the flowers. The Earl of Tankerville opened his beautiful grounds at Coombe End last summer every Saturday in June and a part of July, for parties from the different missions to spend a day in recreation, Lady Tankerville providing a nice tea for them. The long drive there, and the delightful day amid the flowers and under the shady trees, would be a treat to anyone. What must it be to the denizen of the crowded tenement where no pure air can ever penetrate? It was touching to see the child-like joy of these poor mothers who had brought their babies, and spent a whole day free from care. They each received a bouquet of beautiful blossoms from the rhododendrons when they said 'Good-bye,' and gave three hearty cheers for the Earl and Countess as they drove away, who greatly enjoyed seeing their pleasure.

There is a large circle of Christian people who use their wealth in ministering to the needs of those who are the victims of an overcrowded city and its misery.

It is the universal testimony where one of these missions has been at work, even a few years, that a marked improvement is noticed in the locality.

The mission at Victoria Park is comparatively new, and is interesting for this reason. A few years ago it was one of the most neglected corners of the great East-End. At the urgent request of the Vicar of St. Mark's, Mrs. Pennefather sent one worker here, who began a labour which is transforming this waste place into a garden of the Lord. Now there are in the general mission here five deaconesses. The parish contains about 15,000 people, mostly of the artisan and manufacturing classes, with, of course, a very large percentage of day-labourers and bargemen. They are for the most part very poor, and much given to drunkenness. They are not a vicious class; many of them are ingenious and industrious. In their very small homes all sorts of industries are carried on; here are found the skilful silk-weavers, with the shining folds of dainty silk carefully protected in their little rooms, where the hand-

loom takes the largest space; there the velvet-weavers and furriers are busy, and the most hopeless of all, the wretched match-box makers, who receive *twopence a gross.* With these people, whose labour is so precarious, the wolf is always at the door; and if the bread-winner fails, then starvation is inevitable.

An incident which came under my own observation will be illustrative of many which might be given. A very respectable family lived in one of the better-class tenements. The mother was a bright, tidy little body, who kept her eight children in good condition, and made a pleasant home for her hardworking but kind husband. He was a true Englishman, loved his home and his children, did not 'drink,' brought his wages to his wife, but it took all to keep things going. At length misfortune came: the mother died, leaving a babe; soon after the father was laid aside by an attack of influenza. After a long illness he rose from his sick-bed, weak and discouraged, to find his situation filled by another and starvation staring his little flock in the face. Day after day he sought work in vain; at last he was utterly depressed, and disappeared.

One of the deaconesses found the children in a most destitute condition. On making

inquiries, they told this sad story: 'Father cried all day, then kissed us good-bye, and said he was going to drown himself in the canal.' The children were too young to understand what it meant. The deaconess cared for the poor little forsaken children, and a search for the father was instituted, but without avail. She wrote to George Müller's Home to see if the children might find a refuge there. They could not be received unless it was clearly proved that the father was dead. So nothing remained but to send these poor children to the workhouse. After six weeks the body was found in the canal. Disease and sorrow had unbalanced his mind; and he thought if he were gone somebody would care for the children. If his case had been known, he would have been helped, but the deaconess who worked in that district was ill in the hospital, and the new deaconess did not know it in time to save the father.

It is this class who are most difficult to help; they will not let their wants be known, and it requires great tact and intimate knowledge of them to give the help just at the right time. Many a tidy, bright home is a battle-ground of want and sorrow. Drunkenness is the cause of a large percentage of the misery, filth, and

crime; but this was a genuine case of illness and despair, ending with a sad tragedy. Loss of his wife, upon whom he had leaned, loss of health, then loss of employment—a common story, alas! Yet what can be done to help those who are willing to work, but for whom even at the smallest wages there is work for only a part of the time?

Twenty men went at 6 a.m. down to the canal on a cold frosty morning without breakfast, and waited three hours, hoping to earn a few pence in unlading a barge which was on its way; and when it came, only half of them could have a place. Another man, who had been hunting for work for two weeks, at length found a job in a rubber-factory. He went without any breakfast. At his work he fell down in a faint; they brought him something to revive him, and he plodded on through the day, and at night carried to his wife eighteenpence, his day's earnings. These are true tales of the sorrow and want which awaken all the heroism in the Christian worker, and make her forget self and the world. And it is her joy to be able to follow Christ, 'who went about doing good.'

Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather were among the

first to make an effort to help the very poor in this great city by a systematic and well-organized plan. We will give a sketch of one of these missions; and if you multiply the results of this one by twenty, you can approximate the grand total.

During the summer of 1866 the cholera was laying waste the great city, and was especially fatal in the poorer districts of the East-End. Morning by morning the 'death-cart' went its dreary rounds; thousands were swept into eternity, and great distress prevailed everywhere. The work which fell to the clergymen of different parishes and ministers of various denominations, to provide for the temporal as well as spiritual wants of the poor frightened people, was simply overwhelming. They struggled most heroically; many a thrilling story of heroism has been written of this period.

At this time Mr. Pennefather offered to assist the Vicar of St. Philip's, Bethnal Green, by means of his trained deaconesses, and his offer was gladly accepted. They were assigned a district for visitation numbering about 5,700 souls. The misery which they found was appalling at first. But they took a house on Friar's Mount, opened an invalid-kitchen, and

began by giving penny dinners, thus rescuing many from starvation. In this way, and many others, which their Christian love devised, they found access to the hearts of these poor suffering people, and began to give them the Gospel.

Soon the house was too small for the growing demand made upon them, and they moved into larger premises in Little Bacon Street. Here they had a better kitchen, and 'a large and airy room' for meetings and classes; also a snug little room for the matron, who took up her abode here. This was the beginning of the great Bethnal Green Mission, which embraces now a variety of work and has been the means of untold good in this degraded part of London, desolated by sin and want. It is the pet and pride of Mildmay. If you could hear the deaconesses who work there talk of it, you would expect to see the most charming spot on earth. A description taken from a leading daily paper of a few years ago will give you an idea of its attractions: 'It consists of a network of narrow streets, or rather passages, for the widest of these thoroughfares is only twenty-eight feet wide; the ground-floors in most cases lie below the level of the street, and consist of the bare soil plus the impurities with which it has been

saturated. Altogether 5,700 persons live their wretched lives in this doleful region, the average number of occupants to each room being two and a quarter. The rooms are very small.'

In this simple statistical scrap, the whole story of human suffering is told. Everything else follows as an inevitable consequence. 'Given the miserable tenements, the overcrowding, and sanitary science bids us expect a high death-rate. Moral deterioration follows with unerring certainty on the standing violation of all physical well-being.' The public-house plays an important part in the moral as well as physical decline. 'Fifteen acres of pollution' boast of twelve 'public-houses,' where death is 'licensed' at so much per cent. to prey upon these poor victims.

The upper tenth is responsible for a large percentage of the 'submerged' in England: strange paradox for a Christian nation! No nation does so much for its poor as England, and it seems to a stranger nowhere are there such streams of Christian benevolence, such perfectly organized Christian work. Yet—alas! shall I say?—no nation does so much to create this want by giving special privileges to the liquor traffic. It is like a stately ship sailing

away with an awful leak in its hold. Crew and passengers are busy baling out the encroaching sea which is pouring in—'mopping and dipping' at the flood, but the leak quite neglected. Why is the master of the ship so blind? It is only a matter of time, and the ship, with its precious freight, must go down!

The Christians are awakening to the danger, and doing what they can; but the law must stop the free sale of this ruinous drink, which eats up not only the manhood, but the womanhood of the people. These palaces of sin are the only attractive places you see in the slums; they can afford fine glass windows, plenty of warmth, and a welcome to all who come with their last penny, though the babes are starving!

While these gates of death are gilded, and flaunt their brightness at every available corner, it is pathetic to see how plain and simple the mission-houses are—always clean and bright and inviting, but most economical in expenditure. These deaconesses deny themselves everything like luxury that they may help the poor, whom they love with a devotion which is a mystery to one who is not initiated into the secret of their love. No words can describe these homes where the

deaconesses go from house to house, speaking tender words of sympathy, winning the drunkard to a sober life, helping to get the poor wrecked creatures on their feet, and encouraging them to withstand the temptations that menace them literally at every corner.

I spent two afternoons with one deaconess in going from house to house. One room had a very poor bed; a man, woman, and five children lived, ate, and slept in this one space, not above twelve feet square, with only a small closet and a tiny store-room. Another room, much cleaner, had a bed, and a work-bench on the opposite side. A handful of coals was burning in the grate; before it sat a woman polishing the work the man was making—a sort of wood-carving, at which he had once done well, but machinery had taken the place of many hands. The man was working in a stolid, discouraged mood. It was a daily struggle for mere existence. As I listened to the kind words of my companion, which seemed to comfort him, I saw her slip some tickets into his hand, and with a cheery good-bye, and 'Come to the meeting,' we left. It is pitiful to see the pretty and useful things made in these home shops, and hawked for 'only a penny each' on the street.

The deaconesses do much in finding work for those who are willing, and helping those who by illness have been thrown out of employment to tide over till work is found.

The Lads' Institute in Bethnal Green is worthy of much praise. I spent one evening here. Twenty-five were present, none under eighteen years of age. The deaconess in charge was reading from the Bible, to which all were very attentive. She spoke a few minutes, explaining and applying the lesson. They sang a hymn, and then all knelt in prayer. One prayed for the conversion of a companion, another for his father. There was something very real in this work. Each said good-night to the lady in charge as he went out. She told me that this Institute is open every night of the week, and the lads take an especial pride in these rooms, which give a real home to many. They have a room below, where they may have tea or coffee, and sometimes soup, served. Very many of this number belong to a band who work for the salvation of others. It is one of the most hopeful departments of all the missions to save the young. This is the same school which began twenty-six years ago with a very different scene, related by one of the deaconesses who had charge at the

beginning of this work, and entitled 'A Page from the Past':

'It was a strange scene. The long room had neither doors nor ceiling. The bare rafters overhead looked dreary enough, and down the centre of the room ran a huge beam supported by a row of rough pillars, dividing the room into two. An open staircase at the far end led straight down to the footpath of the street below; a second staircase in a corner of the room gave access to an upper story of the warehouse, for such it was. Three windows looked out into a long narrow court, dark and noisome, lighted only by the flaring gas-jets of two public-houses at the farther end, and beyond lay the notorious Brick Lane. Shrieks, yells, and blasphemy indescribable resounded there day and night.'

The inhabitants were thieves, pickpockets, and drunkards. But inside the room just described there was warmth, comfort, and comparative quiet, order, and cleanliness. Among the various agencies carried on in it was a gathering of 'street arabs' named a night-school. The amount of knowledge imbibed was small indeed, and the boys' Ishmaelitish nature would break out into whoops, cat-calls, and unearthly sounds of every kind. However,

it was a great triumph to have won their confidence at all, and brought them into civilized condition so far as to listen occasionally. The deaconess who had charge of them would tell you God's hand alone had done it.

She was walking one evening through the network of narrow, dirty lanes around Friar's Mount, when she came upon a group of boys using such foul language that she stopped with horror. Prompted by a sudden movement of pity, and without pausing to consider, she said :

'Will you come with me to-night just down the street ? It is bright and warm there. Come and see.'

At sound of her voice the boys started, and were silent from sheer astonishment, gazing at her open-eyed and with open mouth.

'What does she mean ?' said one.

'Will you come with me ?' she repeated. 'We can talk over the fire ; it is very cold in the street.'

A shrill laugh of ridicule was her answer, and they were moving off, when one of the elder boys, a lad of eighteen, said :

'We'll slip in for a bit, if you like. Come along, lads.' And they followed her to the mission-house.

That night they were allowed to sit by the fire while they looked around the bright, comfortable room with its many texts and pictures, and made their quaint comments upon everything they saw. After an hour or two they left, promising to come the next week; and they kept their word, each boy bringing another with him. On this second night the deaconess showed them books and slates, and explained her object in asking them to come.

Weeks passed, and the boys continued attending regularly, asking to come every night instead of twice a week. But how to instil order and attention into the minds of these young heathens was a problem that took months to solve. When she knelt to pray they would make unearthly groans and repeat low rhymes picked up at the penny theatres. At the singing-lesson they emitted most extraordinary sounds, and twisted the words in a ludicrous way.

One evening a group of new-comers (trained pickpockets) had been received. There were few teachers, and the boys were committed to an inexperienced worker. Suddenly there was a general stampede, and the whole class disappeared, the teacher staring after them in amazement. The Superintendent cast her eyes

around the room for a clue to the mystery. Ah! that was it, of course—she had left her handbag on the lowest step, near the boys. In that bag was a box containing £3 15s. in gold and silver. The bag was closed, and the box too; but what was that to trained thieves?

Without giving any hint of her discovery, she said, 'We will close the school for to-night,' offered the closing prayer, and dismissed as usual.

What next? She could not afford to lose the money; it belonged to the mission, and she was not disposed to lose her boys.

Sallying forth in the darkness, she caught a glimpse of the young thieves standing under a gas-jet counting their booty. One glance toward her and the whole group disappeared, scattering in different directions. It was hopeless to follow them. Her only recourse was to give herself to prayer, so she returned to the mission-house, and betook herself to this never-failing source of help.

About eleven o'clock, a timid knock at the door was heard: a boy, about twelve years old, stood outside with his mother, who explained the reason for the untimely call. The boy had come home very much excited, could not sleep,

at length confessed he had stolen two shillings of his teacher's money, and had come to restore it. The deaconess sent the mother home, and had a quiet talk with the boy, asking who the guilty ones were, and what they had done with the money. By-and-by another knock, and another conscience-stricken lad appeared with his share of the spoil.

At her request he took her early next morning to a neighbouring court, where one or two more of the band were. Going straight up to them, she said firmly: 'Boys, I want you to come with me to the mission-house.' 'And don't you want A and B?' they said, having no intention of suffering alone. By dint of patience and firmness she got all the culprits into the mission-room.

Outside were two policemen stationed, called by the neighbours. But she had help of a higher kind. She sat down with them, and talked quietly and gravely, taking as her text, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.'

Presently a boy sat down on the floor, pulled off his boot, and from this receptacle produced a part of the missing coin; one and another followed suit, but still quite a sum was not accounted for.

'It's at the stables, teacher. Smith, he's

our banker, and took it there to hide. Let me go, teacher; I promise I'll come back.'

A policeman thrust in his head at this juncture: 'Very glad to come in, miss, if you want me.' He doubtless thought he knew better than she did the sort of boys she had to deal with.

At sound of his voice the frightened boys clung to her arm, begging forgiveness, 'only this once.' The deaconess considered. 'Was it safe to trust the boy? Once out of her sight, would he return?' It seemed hardly likely; and yet—— 'Yes, she would trust him!'

The trust was not misplaced; he soon returned, the balance clasped in his hand; £1 17s. hidden in the stable by Smith. The trembling culprits still awaited their sentence. She looked around on the anxious faces, then kindly but gravely said: 'Well, boys, I *will* forgive you *all* this time.' Overcome by this unexpected kindness, tears flowed freely.

Such a sketch gives a little insight into the beginning of this first outlying mission. This is the same lads' institute to which I paid my visit. They have pleasant rooms now, well kept, and a genuine pride in their school. Many are preaching salvation to others who

learned their first lessons in civilization here. I could give some thrilling stories of these lads, saved from a horrible life of sin, 'to shine as the stars for ever and ever.'

The 'Bethnal-Greeners' are very proud of their mission, and very loyal to 'the ladies' who spend their life in care for them. The mission-house is the centre of the varied activities; it is a 'little Mildmay'—a light in a dark place. The house is well adapted to its purpose. It was an old police barrack, purchased and fitted up by a gentleman, who heard in a drawing-room meeting the story of the old lodging-house told by Lady Tankerville. The very next day this house was at the disposal of Mildmay, and carpenters, masons, etc., at work, converting it into a model lodging-house and mission-home.

Besides the apartments for the deaconesses, and the large dining-room, used also as a family sitting-room, there is a soup-kitchen from which many quarts of soup are given out at a halfpenny each, to poor, cold, and starving people. Those who are ill have tickets given them. Twice a week halfpenny dinners are given to the children, a grant for the expense being made by the Destitute Children's Dinner Society. I saw eighty poor little blue, hunger-

MISSION AND LODGING HOUSE, BETHNAL GREEN.

pinched boys sit down to a nice warm dinner. They sang grace, and ate as though they had not tasted food for a week: the girls came the next day.

The Men's Lodging-House is most interesting. It is in the same building. We went first to the kitchen. A huge fire was blazing at one end, giving out its grateful warmth, and several men were present—one at the table with a cup of tea, and some meat he had prepared for himself. They seemed quite at home. They have forty beds, clean and comfortable, nearly always filled, at fivepence a night. This gives them the kitchen, where they enjoy a fire, and do such little cooking as men can; a bath-room; and a little chapel, where the deaconess in charge conducts prayers each evening with those who like to attend. No one can drink here, or enter when drunken. Many find a new life, and it is a blessing to all.

A coffee-bar is open in the next room. Here they can, for a small sum, get a warm meal cooked, and have with it coffee, tea, or cocoa.

A Mildmay deaconess founded this home through many difficulties, and many a saved man can point to her as the one to whom, under God, he owes everything.

The Factory Girls' Sewing Class is a great blessing also, and the Mothers' Meetings.

A wonderful change has come to this region through these faithful workers. It is not a paradise now, but the poverty and crime is much less than it was, and many bright Christian lights shine out of this dark corner to cheer the faithful servants who have left all to preach the Gospel in a much more difficult field than anyone who has not tried it can imagine. Into this slum, with its loathsome filth, its stifling air, its swarms of wild, half-clad children, its dens of vice and all forms of sin, they have brought the Gospel of purity, of cleanliness, of order, and sweetness.

Many of these people who have been lifted up to a higher plane of living by the Gospel teaching, move into more desirable quarters, and the victims of poverty, sin, and misery are always coming to fill up, so that the results of the work are not fully seen. But everyone who knew Bethnal Green twenty years ago will give ample testimony to its marvellous improvement.

In all of the twenty missions you will find the same busy life, with the same blessed results. These women plan to save a halfpenny-worth of coal with as grave consultation as our legis-

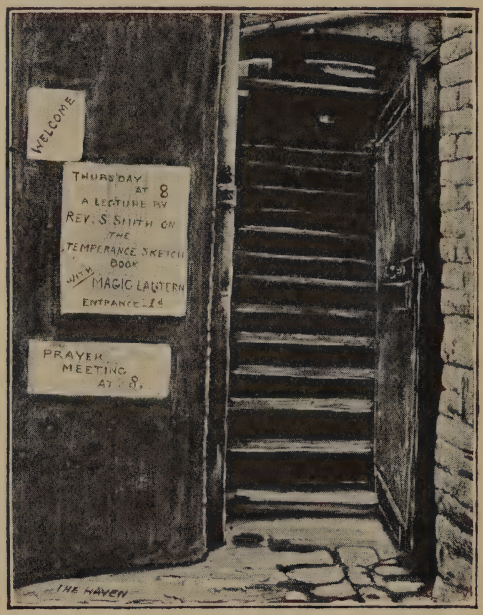
lators give to the affairs of state. I often think how recklessly people in the midst of not only every comfort, but in luxury, spend what would be riches to these deaconesses, who would often take their own food, if allowed, to feed the starving people around them.

A most important outgrowth of the Mildmay Missions in London must now be mentioned—namely, the rescue and preventive homes.

As preface to a brief outline of the work now being carried on at the Haven, I will quote the statement made by a worker in South London of many years' experience. It gives appalling evidence of the need of such effort. It is his belief that south of the river Thames, between London Bridge and Westminster, there cannot be fewer than nine thousand lost girls and women—some, alas! not yet past the years of childhood.

In a respectable-looking street in the Borough, Southwark, two Mildmay deaconesses have been working for some time in the parish of a well-known clergyman. The premises consist of a mission-room (once the dancing-saloon of a low restaurant, and originally a weaver's work-shop) and a building adjoining—in reality, merely two stories of warehouse above a stable. The frontage consists of nothing more than a

paved passage between two shops, distinguished only by a small board bearing the words 'The Haven' over a lamp (subscribed for by the mothers in the mission district), on which is



ENTRANCE TO 'THE HAVEN.'

engraved in plain letters, 'God is Love.' At the other end of the passage a door, practically never closed against any wanderer night or day, opens blankly on a flight of wooden

stairs leading to the mission-room on one side, and the waiting-room of the Haven on the other. Round this various apartments have been plainly boarded off to form the kitchen, the deaconesses' tiny offices, and a good-sized work-room, where at one end the girls do laundry-work for themselves, and use the other as sitting-room, etc. Above these is a very spacious loft fitted up as dormitory, and having anterooms partitioned off as matron's bed-room, and in order to provide some slight means of classification, etc. Everything is well ordered, clean, and neat, although not unmingled with a strong element of the make-shift. The discomforts, indeed, are neither few nor slight: the smell of the stable pervading the atmosphere, the substitute for a bath-room of the laundry corner of the sitting-room, the absence of pantry, etc., etc. But the two noble women who have lighted this beacon for the poor benighted wanderers in South London have their reward in hundreds of saved souls, which 'shall shine as the stars.'

The work is managed with rare tact. It is very unusual for one who has been rescued ever to go back to her old life. This is due to two facts: first, there is no constraint put upon them—they can go at any time; and then in

the way they come—it is quite their own choice. A deaconess goes out into the streets, and hands a little pink card bearing this invitation:

'If you want to find a friend, and wish to begin a new life, come to the Mission Room [full address given] on Wednesday evenings between seven and nine. A cup of tea and a kind welcome. God says: "Why will ye die? Turn, live ye."'

As many as 107 girls have passed through this small night-shelter in one year. Of these, most obtain respectable situations, while others have been restored to their friends, and many thoroughly destitute were assisted with clothing, etc. Nearly all nationalities are represented in this small home—Germans, French, Swedes, etc. When I visited this work the deaconess-in-charge said: 'We have one of your country-women with us. She was very ill, and had only fivepence left when she came about a week ago at dusk, saying: "I do hope you can take me in; I have not a friend in the world." She sobbed when we said we would take care of her. She was born in Brooklyn, New York. Her mother died on the day of her birth. She went on the stage when only four years old, and for twelve years her weary life went on. Then her father brought her to England, and,

against his will, she went on the stage again. Soon after, he died, leaving her alone in Manchester. Here she was cruelly wronged by one who promised to marry her, but left her. She came to London to a hospital, and thence to a convalescent home. Here, by the kind sympathy of one of the patients, she was sent to us.'

A second house at the distance of a few hundred yards from the Haven has been fitted up as a training home for those girls who, having been tested in the receiving house (the Haven), wish to become useful and respectable members of society again. About sixty are received annually for probation and training for domestic service or dressmaking. Three girls were emigrated last year—one to Canada and two to Australia—all of whom are doing well. Many of those rescued are touchingly grateful, one young general servant offering the whole of her first wages for the work, etc. Preventive work also is taken up. A young German girl, who had received a good education in a school on the Rhine, had slept five or six nights on the benches in the park before finding her way to what must truly have proved a Haven to her. Very soon a good situation was obtained for her. This work

from the commencement has been aided by special contributions from various friends.

A House of Refuge and an Orphanage at Oxford, superintended by Mildmay Deaconesses, complete the list. Much patient loving toil is expended in the poor part of the university city by those who go forth unweariedly in the Master's name to rescue the lost and the lone.

CHAPTER VII.

'THE WILLOWS.'

'That their daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.'—PSA. cxliv. 12.

'THE WILLOWS' is the name given to the training branch of the Mildmay work.

The germ of this institution, which has grown to such fair proportions, was the little home at Barnet founded by Mrs. Pennefather in August of 1860, whose history we have sketched in a previous chapter. From this one stock have grown the three main branches of this important mission—the Deaconess House, with its specific departments of Christian effort, represented in the many outlying missions in London and vicinity, already given at some length in another chapter; also the Nursing Home, with its hospitals and medical missions, of whose history and development we will

speak later; and 'The Willows,' the subject of this chapter.

From the very first it was a long-cherished plan of Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather to be able to send trained women into the foreign field as missionaries. Indeed, the origin of what we call 'Mildmay' to-day can be traced to their earnest desire to bring the Gospel to heathen nations. From the first they have been accustomed to send to the foreign field, whenever a demand is made, if it is possible, those who rank with their best workers, however important they may be for the home field. Mildmay has always been a recruiting-ground for foreign work as well as a centre of information and a source of inspiration and help. Its sympathy is as broad as the field, world-wide.

Mildmay has kept all departments of its extensive and many-sided work abreast with the age. Although originally planned for preparing women to enter upon mission work in the foreign field, when the founder entered upon his labours in London, and saw the need in the great city, he inaugurated a work here also, which has been extended into new parts of the great Metropolis until it has a large force of home workers; but the interest in

foreign work is kept up with its due proportion. The idea of preparing women for this important department of Christian effort is never lost sight of. Mrs. Pennefather has always been among the foremost to encourage and inspire the great and blessed enthusiasm among Christian women.

As early as 1864 from the little home in Barnet went four earnest women — one to Syria, two to Africa, one to Madagascar—and since then every year has added to the number, till Mildmay workers are to be found in nearly all lands. At the centre they keep so in touch with those in distant lands that it hardly seems like foreign work, but simply a part of the daily life at home. They go, when the call comes, to distant fields with no surprise, no fuss, no noise. When one consents to become a Mildmay deaconess it means to work where the Master bids her go. It is a beautiful life to count one's self a servant who waits to do her Lord's will.

When they moved into the Deaconess House, for a time they all lived under one roof. But as a workers' home must, from the nature of the case, differ from a training home, it was soon found impracticable to work and to train in the same household.

When a separate training home was found to be a necessity, it was domiciled in five small houses near the Conference Hall. It was a difficult task to keep things in perfect order, and to have system and order. Mr. Alexander offered his house to Mrs. Pennefather for a moderate rent as a training home for home and foreign workers. Ever since it has been used for this purpose, for which it is very well adapted, being large and beautifully arranged, and seems providentially planned for such a purpose. This work is carried on under Mrs. Pennefather by Miss Schröder, the present very successful Lady Superintendent. The institution ranks high as a missionary training home. It has been greatly improved in many ways since it left its cramped and very unfavourable conditions, and settled in this large and commodious house, so beautiful and so well situated.

It may be said it is now a realization of Mr. Pennefather's advanced views in regard to the development of this hitherto latent force of the Church. Since it was moved here 218 have enjoyed its opportunities. Of this number more than 100 are already working in the foreign field, and forty-seven are engaged in the home work. In nearly every case they have proved

how valuable is the time spent in this preparatory stage.

At present forty-six young ladies of great promise and consecration are in the home, many of whom are already assigned to their future work, and will go in October to different stations in the great harvest-field. A large proportion of these young ladies are the chosen candidates of the Church Missionary Society and the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society. This home, however, receives candidates from other societies, and a few who intend to enter the Deaconess House are always among the number. In the home is found a wide community of interests as well as a great variety of elements, and there is little danger of narrow views, or one-sided development. It affords them an interest in the entire range of Christian enterprise. Sometimes when an enthusiastic worker speaks to them of the great need of some one field, and in his zeal says: 'I hope you are most of you going to India,' they smile with a very quiet significance, remembering that the last eager speaker said, with equal emphasis: 'I trust most of you are preparing to enter upon the most important work in the world, and the most pressing — that of the great

country of *China*.' They have been taught that other fields are calling with equal earnestness.

This is the very reason why the two years' course is so important. They must have a broad and intelligent interest in the general subject of missions as the best basis for their work. They have very thorough training in this department. They get a view of the entire field and its needs, the missionaries who have gone, and what has been done. They use their maps in connection with their reading; and the letters from those who have gone from the home are read on Sunday afternoon by Miss Schröder, whilst they refer to a map, and thus they get a correct idea of the place, the condition, and needs of these stations. And in their missionary prayer-meeting, on Tuesday evening, which they never like to miss, they present before the Father's throne their petitions for those who have gone, and pray most intelligently for the needs of each field. Their prayer-meeting is a very precious hour of drawing near to God. As I was present at these meetings, I realized they were not school-girls moved by a romantic sentiment to go to heathen lands, but a band of *women*, who early in life have heard the Voice

saying, 'The Master has come, and calleth for thee.' It is a beautiful sight to see young women, who are well fitted for society at home, choosing the 'better part,' and consecrating the very brightness and beauty of an attractive

'THE WILLOWS.'

life to Christ. How rich they are already in their earnest consecration! You cannot be with these happy Christians without feeling the power of Christ. They obey His command, 'Let your light shine.'

This home is situated in a lovely seclu-

sion, just suited to this season of preparation. On one side Clissold Park, a tract of fifty acres, rescued from the insatiable devourer—the ever-encroaching city—is one of London's beautiful public gardens. Few cities are so rich in large tracts of land in the very heart of the densely populated regions; few have so many little squares as London, where trees seem to find room to grow into beauty and grace, and flowers nestle in sheltered nooks and climb old brick walls, making its window-seats a ladder of light and brightness, by which they mount into sunshine and fresh air. Just at this time, when every square is a miracle of what can be done in a city with lilacs and laburnums, hawthorn and chestnuts, it is a pleasure to ramble through these quarters and see how the English people, from the very highest to the lowest, love flowers, and use every crevice to coax a blossom to gladden the ugliness of brick and mortar. Surely there is no more healthful influence in the world for soul and body than these great and blessed memories of nature in a crowded city, made accessible to all.

The young ladies of 'The Willows' enjoy this beautiful park, with its old trees and well-kept grounds. And the garden belonging to the

home is very pretty, and affords a pleasant and retired place for their walks and hours of recreation. A year ago this house was offered for sale, owing to the death of its late owner. Through the earnest efforts of the friends of the institution and the Superintendent's wise plans, it was purchased, and will thus be kept for its present purpose—a training home for foreign missionaries and home-workers. They did not feel justified in buying the entire estate; so they own the house, and only a portion of the garden.

The large dining-room commands an extensive view of the ground, and is a very bright room when all are gathered for the early breakfast. It is a most charming retreat from the noise of the city, yet within easy access of every part of their work, and not far from Conference Hall.

Many who come here for the training are from wealthy homes, and go at their own expense into the mission-field. One of the medical students is a German lady; another comes from Denmark. They have also Scotch and Irish among their number. But the harmony seems to be perfect, and all are in sympathy with each other.

It is a great help that many of these women

who have means and culture will go into this work at their own expense. It leaves more for others, and gives an element of culture and influence to the work. What a blessing to be able to use for God the time and gifts which are His! By this their own lives are made more valuable.

What are the requirements for this home? The candidates must have a knowledge of the common branches of education. Many of them are well educated. If anyone is not up to the standard in the branches necessary, classes are formed to supply the deficiency. The morning hours are employed in classes; the afternoon in district-visiting, mothers' meetings, or mission-work. It is a very busy home —every hour full of work. Two mornings in the week some of them are employed in the medical mission. A valuable training is given here. Quite a number attend the Home and Colonial Training School for Teachers. They have a department for missionaries. This is the oldest training-school in England, and its methods are very good and thorough. A number of the candidates are taking a three years' medical course, which is very severe; and at the same time they have the advantages of the home, and its spiritual life

and atmosphere is a great blessing. Others are preparing as nurses, some at Bethnal Green, under Dr. Gauld; others go to the great London Hospital. There are classes in Hindostani and Bengali for such as wish. Book-keeping is required one evening each week, so that each one may be able to keep her own accounts accurately; lessons in cookery, in housekeeping, and two evenings in sewing, are given. Each has some duty connected with the home to perform, so that a discipline in taking responsibility is acquired. They are all taught to sing, and have very thorough drill in tonic-sol-fa. But the most important training is in the study of God's Word, both in the Old and New Testament. Daily lessons are given by men well prepared for this work. The Rev. F. W. C. Rigby, the chaplain of Mildmay, gives a Bible-lesson three mornings of each week: one morning is devoted to Old Testament history, another to a comparison of the Articles of the Church of England with the Word of God, and a third to the Gospels. The Rev. George Tonge, chaplain of the C.E.Z.M.S., comes for Bible-teaching one hour each week. The young ladies are expected to write these lessons out from memory, and submit their notes for correction. The Rev. Gordon Cal-

throp also gives them one hour a week. They have on Sunday an hour with Miss Elliott, whose valuable instruction is highly prized.

They also attend the great annual missionary meetings in Exeter Hall, the Zenana missionary meeting, and many others. The atmosphere of this home is spiritual. It is a well-ordered and happy home, and all who enjoy its privileges must be greatly benefited.

The mission teas are often given in these beautiful grounds, and the young ladies are very helpful when a number of poor people come to be entertained. Many of them teach in the Men's Night-School at the Conference Hall during the winter, so there is always a large proportion of them away during the evenings of each week.

It is a good type of home life. The Apostle Peter's code of Christian graces is followed: 'Be courteous, be kind, tender-hearted, pitiful.' Like all the work of Mildmay, it is real, thorough, and very quiet. The candidates go to the foreign field in October, when an impressive service is held at the Conference Hall as a dismissal ceremony.

Two years under the influence of the home is a very good preparation for the work they contemplate. The regular habits of living, as

well as the quiet and simplicity, give ample room for sound development, and their sympathies with all Christian work are greatly strengthened.

It is a growing work. The house is full, and the numbers who qualify and go to the foreign field are increasing yearly.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NURSING HOME AND MEMORIAL COTTAGE HOSPITAL.

'Wisdom ordereth all things strongly and sweetly.'—
VULGATE.

AS early as 1866 a nursing branch was added to the expanding Mildmay work as the first off-shoot of the little training home. This grew naturally from a desire to meet the necessities of the poor people among whom the deaconesses visited, and whose condition, when ill, was deplorable indeed.

A great interest in nursing had been awakened in all classes, especially by Florence Nightingale's example. The subject of trained nurses became one of great importance. Then, the noble work done at Kaiserswerth was an inspiration to all who were interested in the dark places of the cities. This branch has

become one of the most flourishing and influential departments of the Mildmay missions.

The Nursing Home was established in a private dwelling in Mildmay Road, and a little Cottage Hospital was opened near it, for the benefit of those in the parish who could not be properly cared for in their own scanty homes.

For nearly twenty years very many suffering ones found help for body and soul through the loving ministry that flowed from this home. In 1885 the nursing branch was transferred from its inconvenient and limited quarters to its present commodious and pleasant abode. The building is quite remarkable for its historic associations. The stranger will readily recognise it from the two old eagles, rudely carved in stone, which guard the entrance, from which it is sometimes called the 'Eagle House.' A brass plate bearing the legend, 'Deaconess House, Nursing Branch,' on the gate, clearly indicates its character. We have mentioned before that it was doubtless the hunting-lodge of Henry VIII.

When it was purchased for this new use it was in a very unpromising condition; but it has been greatly improved, much skill being displayed in its renovation. Most of the beautiful panelling had to be recovered from coatings

of wall-paper and paint, a work so well accomplished that it makes a fitting frame for the high old mantelpiece of carved oak, the admiration of the frequent visitors.

This old mansion has its legends. One tells of a secret chamber, still undiscovered, and rumours of ghostly visitations are sometimes whispered; but nothing has been heard or seen to disturb the tranquillity of its present happy occupants. Whatever may have been its past history, in its old age it has become 'the centre of one of the happiest forms of Christian usefulness,' and the home of rest for a band of women whose life and work make their presence in any home a benediction. It is not only a comfortable and suitable house for its purpose, but it is one of the most interesting historic landmarks in North London.

The nursing staff varies from eighty to one hundred, the majority being engaged in 'private sick nursing,' others as hospital-ward sisters and nurses. Others are in charge of hospitals and homes, among which are first the General Infirmary at Doncaster, under the superintendence of a nursing sister during the last sixteen years, whose entire staff of nurses are from Mildmay; also the Enfield Cottage Hospital, and the Mildmay Home for Incur-

ables at Torquay. This was founded by a member of the Mildmay Association of Female Workers, and is intended for female consumptive patients ineligible for other institutions from the advanced stage of the disease. From the first year's report we select a few items: 'We have had twenty-three inmates this year, six of whom have passed "the valley of the shadow" with good hope.' Again: 'Cassy was consigned to our care by a Mildmay worker for the Y.W.C.A., who had found her out—overworked, unloved, uncared-for, too ill to support herself.'

One formerly at Mildmay is in charge of the Protestant wing of the British Seamen's Hospital at Malta; and there is also a staff of four nurses at Valetta, engaged in private nursing. These workers have all passed a term of probation at the nursing home, and have received a thorough hospital training in both surgical and medical wards, obtaining certificates as qualified nurses. In addition to this they have all consecrated their lives to the service of God. They are earnest Christians, and they belong to the Mildmay Institution as nurse deaconesses. This House of Rest is their home, to which they may return, sure of a welcome and the quiet which they need.

'It is an advantage for anyone contemplating this work to be quite familiar with physiology, anatomy and hygiene, and also to know the Latin terms.'

When a private nurse is required, application is made to Miss Dean, who for nearly fourteen years has been the resident Superintendent. All sisters and nurses are total abstainers, as is the case with all the deaconesses. The annual number of private cases is more than five hundred. During the winter of 1891-92 the influenza was so prevalent that a constant demand for nurses was made night and day. Miss Dean could not even with her large staff supply them, and it was during this epidemic that she lost one of her noble and faithful band, who was one of the best of nurses, and was greatly mourned.

The nurses and sisters are highly esteemed wherever they go; most beautiful testimonials to their great and valued services continually are received. This work is blessed not only to the healing of their patients' diseases, but many are led to accept Christ as their Saviour. It is a life of difficult service, but what opportunity it affords for winning souls!

They have a delightful home at ————, where the nurses go after attending infectious

GROUP OF MILDMAY NURSES.

cases, and are cared for by the Matron, the oldest nurse on the Mildmay staff, and one of the first admitted—one who, by long service, has won a right to be tenderly considered. Mrs. Pennefather does not forget those who did the pioneer work in this great field, and God always blesses those who follow the Golden Rule.

This branch of work is quite self-supporting, 'with provision for superannuation for its forty older members, and the salaries of the others have been increased that they may be able to pay the annual subscription to the Royal National Pension Fund.'

Forty-four sisters and nurses of the Mildmay staff were enabled to be present among the first thousand members and receive certificates from her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales at Marlborough House in July of 1890.

It surely will not be considered unpardonable to depart from the Mildmay rule—viz., 'Keep the workers hidden; speak only of the work to the glory of God'—to say a word of one who so long and faithfully has served God in this difficult work with such universal acceptance to those who honour and trust her, and who has endeared herself to the large circle which

knows her most intimately. Miss Dean, the Lady Superintendent, 'orders all things strongly and sweetly,' and 'hath with least things an under-sense of greatest.' Whenever a nurse is sent out to attend the sick, or to assume any responsibility, she spends her last few minutes with her beloved Superintendent in her quiet room, who commends her to her heavenly Father's care and guidance in earnest prayer. Deep love to God and trust in Him is the ruling influence felt by everyone who enters the home as a visitor or permanent member.

Intimately connected with this home is the successor to the little Cottage Hospital, the Memorial Cottage Hospital, which is only a few steps from it. It was an agreeable change from the inconveniences which had attended this work for nine years. But the blessing of God on those self-denying efforts was ample compensation for all the weariness and hardship of those faithful nurses. The feeling had been very strong for a number of years that they must have a more suitable building, but the way did not open either to build it or to supply the means to support it. So they betook themselves to definite prayer. For two years it was the subject of constant waiting on God; then their faith was rewarded in a more

generous measure than they had even imagined or asked.

Lady Hay, who had been a very warm friend of Mr. Pennefather, had for some time been contemplating some fitting memorial of the beloved founder of the Conference Hall and of his earnest life and noble institutions. At this time she was under the deepest sorrow from the sudden loss of a beloved son. The subject of the pressing need of a new hospital was casually mentioned in her presence. She was already considering the possibility of a joint memorial to her much-beloved friend and to her son. It seemed as though God Himself linked her thoughts with the words spoken. A hospital so greatly wanted and long prayed for at Mildmay—was this to be the answer to her prayers for guidance on this subject so near her heart? It resulted in the beautiful building which adorns the Compound to-day, and is a most touching memorial of one whose whole life was full of sympathy for the poor and suffering. And the beloved son, though he passed away in the morning of life, yet speaketh through this ministry of love.

The hospital was opened in 1883. It is situated in the midst of a sunny garden in the centre of the Compound, itself the most beau-

tiful ornament within that quiet enclosure. It is a very desirable place, where it has the benefit of the comparatively pure air of North London, and is sheltered from the noise and confusion of the streets. It is built in the Tudor style of architecture, the lower part of red brick, the upper in imitation of those old-fashioned houses which you often see ornamented with parallel beams. Its high-pitched gable roof, with its dormer windows and red tiles, is very picturesque. It was built and furnished throughout as an offering of love in the name of the beloved and honoured dead; and such love may be allowed to lavish costly gifts for such a purpose.

A handsome brass tablet hangs in the entrance-hall upon the right side as you enter, bearing this inscription :

MEMORIAL COTTAGE HOSPITAL.
BUILT
TO THE GLORY OF GOD

In memory of WILLIAM PENNEFATHER, in his work for God among rich and poor.	And in memory of DUNCAN HAY, my beloved son, taken suddenly from me. S. HAY.

On the opposite wall, in large maroon-coloured letters, are the words 'Have faith in God.' As you go up the stairs your eye falls

THE MEMORIAL COTTAGE HOSPITAL.

upon these words: 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.' The door-panels are decorated with birds and flowers, painted by the skilful hands of loving friends. The decorations which abound in the hospital, and which add brightness and beauty, were all a labour of love. It is pleasant to look into the linen-room and see the nicely-folded piles of glossy linen—everything necessary for the wards.

The children's ward is a sweet little nest of a place—not so small, either, but *so* cosy. Its bay-window looks into the garden. Its recess, with its brightly-cushioned seat all around, is a favourite place; over it, in black, red and gold, is the text, 'He shall save the children of the needy.' Over the two doors you read: 'Be ye kind one to another,' and 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' On the door-panels in this room are painted the figures of children, with birds and flowers. Toys of various kinds are scattered about, showing the little ones are not forgotten by those dear children who are blessed with happier homes. It is a cheerful place, and sometimes you see bright faces at the large window, sometimes poor little wan faces that make you sad to look at; but the nurse who presides over this little realm always has a

sunny smile, which cheers with its kindness. The children are very fond of her.

It is not necessary to give the details of this delightful place, but from kitchen to attic there is a 'homeliness,' a sense of personal love and care in all its appointments. The wards for private patients are veritable chambers of peace, where the best of care is always given. Miss Maxwell, the resident Lady Superintendent, is a very capable and successful nurse, under whose supervision every department is well cared for. The staff of nurses is from the Nursing Home. It is a pleasure at any time to visit the well-kept rooms. Flowers are always, even in the cold winter, to be found in each room, thanks to the Flower Mission service, which is doing such a good work, and also to the generous Christian ladies who send the best offerings from their gardens to gladden the sick in hospitals and homes.

Morning and evening hymns are sung, and God's Word is read and prayer offered daily in each ward; and on Sunday a short service is held, and a simple Gospel address given.

Many generous friends have endowed and are maintaining beds and cots in this hospital. Christianity shows no higher proof of its Divine

origin than can be found in this ministry to soul and body. To the poor it is given without money or price, and they are as tenderly cared for as they could be even in homes of luxury. From the report we see the beds have been 'filled, and, what is better, in a great majority by those types of disease in which medical or surgical treatment and good nursing are absolutely necessary for the relief of suffering and the restoration to health.' We give a few instances, taken from the report, to give life to this picture:

'Abigail, a name well known in the hospital, is no longer with us. From time to time a new book of the Bible in the blind type was given her. The last she received was the Book of Revelation. This was her Easter morning gift. She simply devoured it: before the day was over she had read it through several times, telling the other little ones in the ward the things that struck her most. The man who ate the little book was a great wonder to them. The sister whom she loved so dearly, and who had cared for her so tenderly, and the kind friend who had given her so many books, were among the last to see her and soothe her dying pillow.'

'We are sure that in the great day when

secret things are made known it will be found that the prayers of A. M. and A. G. have

> ' "Moved the Arm that moves the world,
> And brought salvation down,"

to many in this hospital. For many months these two children of God have lain successively on beds of suffering, with hearts at leisure from themselves, and faces ever bright and cheerful, ready to cry to the Father for any sinning or suffering one, and give a word of encouragement to their weaker sisters.'

' M. O., who came very ill, was asked if she would like to go home for Christmas, and replied: "No, thank you; this is the first holiday I have had for thirteen years, and it will be so nice not to have to cook the Christmas dinner!" '

The Memorial Cottage Hospital has been blessed to many as a place where they found peace, and some have passed joyfully from its sunny wards into the ' better land.'

CHAPTER IX.

MEDICAL MISSIONS.

'Heal the sick, and say unto them, The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.'—LUKE x. 9.

WHAT is a medical mission? It may seem strange in this day, when so much is said about medical missions, to ask this. But it is well to have a correct answer to this question before we begin. So we will give the definition adopted at a meeting of the Board of Medical Missions a few years ago. It will commend itself to all Christians as a suitable criterion by which to judge the institutions which claim this distinction.

'A medical missionary is a legally qualified practitioner, called of God, and wholly set apart to seek the advancement of Christ's kingdom by the twofold work of healing the sick and making known the Gospel. A medical

mission is the agency worked by one qualified as above.'

Tried by this test, the number is somewhat diminished ; for a free dispensary is in no sense a medical mission, although it may be a valuable help in caring for the poor, and it may also be an important factor in mission-work.

It has been my privilege, during my stay at Mildmay, to become acquainted with Dr. Burns Thompson, who is the 'father of medical missions,' and through whose influence and efforts this important work has been introduced into many lands, and through it a great impetus has been given to foreign missions. He remarked when I first met him: 'When I a poor worn-out doctor, was laid aside from my chosen work by broken health, the Lord gave me a home at Mildmay, where I was permitted to live in touch with this noble institution and to study God's Word in quiet, and carry the message to the dear deaconesses, who have very little time to spend in study for themselves, in their busy life among the poor and lost of this great city.'

On Wednesday and Friday of each week, if you come to the Deaconess House in time for morning-prayers, as you enter Room No. 6 you

will see, on the stand, a table with a great open Bible and a vase of fresh flowers. Behind the table and facing the rows of vacant seats you will see, sitting in his chair, a gentleman with snow-white hair and beard, and very kind bright eyes that are sure to see everything that is to be seen, waiting and watching keenly each worshipper as she quietly takes her place.

The hymn is announced in such a feeble voice, and the whole appearance of the good man who is to conduct the service is so frail, you feel a little anxious lest he may not get through. It is Dr. Burns Thompson; and you need not be the least bit alarmed, for before the hour of prayer is closed you will find he is very much alive, and he has power to stir everyone in the room to new life. As he begins, his voice is interrupted by a little worrying cough, and your whole attention is concerned for him. At length the cough ceases; his feeble voice becomes like a trumpet-note, strong and clear; his broad Scotch accent will delight you; all anxiety for the speaker is quite forgotten—your whole soul intent on the message, full of beauty and brightness, which he has brought for you and for everyone present. He never forgets the servants, but with true kindness he makes them feel they are included

in the family circle, and are remembered by the Master who has sent the message. It is a pleasure to listen to a Scotchman who has brought down into this doubting age the clear-cut faith of old John Knox, who would not listen to anything short of the whole Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. These mornings are eagerly looked forward to by every deaconess; and the room well filled with silent, attentive listeners is an inspiration to the good old doctor, who is fond of all these workers. He forgets his pain and weakness, and is filled with the 'spirit of wisdom and a sound mind.' Though his message is so well received, it is no sentiment he gives. He preaches a practical Gospel with a definite and sure aim, and he makes the blessed Book glow and burn with a new light and a power which sends his listeners to their closets for self-examination, and to their work among the poor with a deep realization of the responsibility which they assume as deaconesses. It is a great help to everyone privileged to hear these lessons, and a blessing to Mildmay. Recently he has been occupied, one morning each week, with the stories of Daniel or Gideon. His expositions are full of force and originality. His practical applications are so apt and so exactly suited to

the latest date, that one can see he is alive to all that goes on in the political as well as in the religious world. His forceful illustrations call out smiles of approval, and serve to fix the truth he is teaching.

As I have said, he is the 'father of medical missions.' I can do no better than let him tell his own story:

'About thirty-nine years ago, at the close of my Arts course, when just about to enter a theological college with a view of studying for the ministry to go to China, I was visiting in one of the low districts of Edinburgh, when an incident occurred which changed the whole current of my life. When thus visiting I went into one of the lowest houses to invite the inmates to a prayer-meeting to be held on the following Sabbath evening. I had scarce got into the house when a sharp little Irishwoman approached me abruptly and said, "What do you want, sir?" I was not so experienced then in visiting as I am now, and the question disturbed me. Her son was lying on a low settle at the side of the room, the worse for drink. He looked up at me and cried to his mother: "Pet 'im oot, mither." But as I lingered the youth got angry, and cried with an oath: "Mither, canna ye pet 'im oot?" I

was still more disturbed, and remarked to the woman: "I was just going round your district, and I thought I would look in and see you. You are not looking well." "Sure, and it's not well that I am," was her reply. "I think you would be the better of a little medicine," said I. I knew at that time no more of medicine than the man in the moon. I knew the virtue of only one drug, which I had learned in infancy, and I got a cup from her and went to the nearest druggist's and got a dose of castor-oil. She received it with gratitude. On the Monday following, as in duty bound, I called to see my patient. She had taken me for a medical man. I had never thought of such a thing. She received me with open arms, and ever after I was welcome in that house, and was freely permitted to tell of the great salvation offered by Christ. Now, being on the eve of going to China as a missionary, it struck me that the study of medicine might be as useful to me as a course of theology, for I knew already the plan of salvation.

'At this juncture I turned to the Word of God to see if there were any indications that might help to guide me in determining the path of duty. I was amazed to find medical

missions in the New Testament on almost every page. The Saviour Himself went about healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease, and when He sent out the Apostles He gave them power to heal, and when He sent out the seventy home missionaries He gave the express command, "Heal the sick, and say unto them, The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you."'

So he took up the study of medicine, although opposed by his friends and his professors. Later he was appointed superintendent of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. Its special object was to prepare young men for being sent out by other societies. This society had at that time a free dispensary in the Cowgate, and was just beginning the work of training for the foreign field. Dr. Burns Thompson's first work was to organize a medical mission. It was the first of the now numerous institutions bearing that name.

'Viewed from either of the lofty bridges which span it, the Cowgate of Edinburgh looks like a vast gloomy trench with human swarms moving about at the bottom. Numerous closes open to the trench, almost low and dark enough to be the passages of a mine.

Up this alley, so narrow that two persons cannot walk abreast, is a building which was an extinct whisky shop. Here over the door, in large letters, was, "Medical Missionary Dispensary." This was the beginning of medical missions in the kingdom.'

The first year 1,300 people availed themselves of its benefits, and the second year 3,000; to all these the Gospel was preached in the most faithful manner, Dr. Burns Thompson usually giving the address on medical mission days. The numbers rose to 9,000 in the third year, and they came from a class that could not be reached by any other method. As Dr. Burns Thompson quaintly remarked: 'The pink of ungodliness, the *élite* of ragamuffinism, outcasts, infidels, papists, come and sit at our feet and hear of salvation without money and without price.'

It would be a most interesting story to trace this Cowgate Mission, and follow up the young men who were received into Dr. Burns Thompson's family and thoroughly imbued with his idea of what a medical mission ought to be. We can only give a few instances of the many whose lives have been changed through the influence of this one man, under God. From the story of the

'Life of Mackay of Uganda,' told for boys, we glean the following:

'For some years prior to Alexander Mackay's arrival in Germany, he had neither read much nor thought much of foreign missions, so absorbed had he been in his professional studies; but, strange to say, a few weeks after reaching Berlin, before he had made any Christian acquaintances, and while he stood aghast at the infidelity of his associates, a simple account of an address given by Dr. Burns Thompson in the Chalmers Memorial Church, Edinburgh, on mission work in Madagascar, was put into his hands. This appeal, and the remembrance of his sainted mother's injunction, "If the call comes to you, take care you do not neglect it," kept coming up before him, until at last the claims of the heathen world took such possession of him that he described it as a new conversion.'

Mackay communicated at once with the C.M.S. about going to Madagascar, but there was no prospect of an opening in that island for his energies, and seeing not long after an appeal for missionaries for Uganda, he applied again to the C.M.S., and shortly after was appointed one of the pioneer missionaries. The thrilling story is well known.

Another link is one that connects the New World with this work. Dr. Dowkontt was brought in contact with medical missions through the instrumentality of Dr. Burns Thompson. It occurred while the latter was establishing the medical mission at Rome. After securing the rooms and everything was ready, he advertised for a missionary, and received a letter from Dr. Dowkontt, who at that time had not studied for his profession. His letter so interested Dr. Burns Thompson that he invited him to Edinburgh, and while there a call came from Liverpool for a helper to be sent to Dr. Owles. There was no suitable candidate available, so he recommended Dowkontt as one who would help in the evangelistic work and leave him more free for his medical duties. Thus Dowkontt became connected with the medical mission at Liverpool, and soon began to attend classes with a view to becoming a medical practitioner. After studying some time in England, he went to America and completed his studies, then started the first medical mission in New York City, which has prospered marvellously; and the New York Medical Missionary Society was organized in 1881 by him, which in 1887 adopted the title of the

International Missionary Society. From this one medical mission started in 1881 sprang seven others—six in New York, and one in Brooklyn. Its influence is extending even to Canada. But we have no space to follow this, however interesting it might be to do so.

But, you say, what has this to do with the story of Mildmay? The Mildmay medical missions are a most important part of the work, and as this was the fountain-head of all medical missions in England, it is interesting to those who wish to know Mildmay.

Dr. Burns Thompson gave an address on this subject at the Mildmay Conference of 1869. Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather were present, and were convinced that this new work would be of great importance. Later they visited the Cowgate Mission, and were planning for this department of work at home; but the death of Mr. Pennefather delayed the carrying out of their cherished plan. In 1873 the French Hospital requested Mrs. Pennefather to furnish them with nurses from her deaconesses, but circumstances did not allow.

An interesting coincidence in connection with this request was that Dr. Dixon, who was physician of the French Hospital, was the young man who had shown Mr. and Mrs.

Pennefather around the Cowgate Mission; and when Mrs. Pennefather recognised him, she asked him if he would consider the proposition to establish a medical mission at Bethnal Green, to which he gave an affirmative answer. In 1874 he opened the medical mission in Turville Street. In a room of the mission-house the dispensary was placed at one end, and he used the opposite side for his consulting-room. Before this, one of the deaconesses had a small cupboard in which she kept her little store of drugs for her poor people, and gave them as they were needed in her district. This work was greatly blessed, and grew rapidly. At that time there was no mission hospital in London, and the poor people had a most unreasonable prejudice against hospitals. Nothing could induce them to be taken to one, however critical their case. It was impossible for them to have proper care in their poor and often filthy homes, so the Mildmay workers began to feel a mission hospital was an imperative necessity. They began a very small cottage hospital at Mildmay, but it was quite too small for the need. This feeling increased, until a time came when it began to seem possible. On that day Miss Coventry and a gentleman architect, with Mrs. Pennefather and

Dr. Dixon, were looking over the ground, when the architect said, 'There is your hospital,' pointing to an old disused warehouse which stood opposite, with its broken windows and

THE OLD HOSPITAL, BETHNAL GREEN.

rickety doors. They looked at it in amazement, but the architect said he would undertake to put it in a condition to meet the requirements of the law for a hospital, and pointed out its possibilities. They went into

one of the rooms of the mission-house, and had prayer about it. Then and there was projected the Bethnal Green Hospital, which for fifteen years has been such a blessing in that dark corner of London. From the very first the people gave it their love and confidence, called it 'our hospital,' and were only too glad to be carried there. Their devotion and love for it is quite touching. The old warehouse, so unsightly, and so unlikely for any use, has been glorified as the birthplace of souls, and many a poor sorrowful one has gone from it into the 'King's palace.' The old dingy building, so wrinkled and battered on the outside, with its bright, warm heart — the clean and shining wards, which seem like heaven to many poor souls—has a halo about it like that about the heads of saints in the Old Masters; and many a heart will feel a pang to see the dear old place dismantled and empty. It ought to be folded up and laid away to rest in a quiet place. Dear ugly, sweet old hospital! a place of rest to many a tempest-tossed soul. If the bricks could speak, what thrilling stories would they tell of sweet-faced and gentle-voiced women who have glided up and down its wards through the long and weary watches, now bending over this sufferer, now giving a cool-

ing draught to fevered lips, now with the voice of prayer at the bedside of the dying! We must not intrude—it is a sacred spot. God has seen it all, and a 'book of remembrance' is writ.

This hospital was ready for patients on October 5, 1877, and the medical mission was moved to the same building. During the first year it proved a great blessing. In the hospital were treated nearly 200 cases. A rough estimate for the fifteen years ending June, 1892, gives us these facts: This hospital has received about 5,000 patients; while at the dispensary the poor people have made not far from 150,000 visits, receiving attention from the doctors and nurses and medicines free of charge; while the doctors and nurses have made about 95,000 visits to them at their homes, when too ill to come to the mission. These statistics will only give a superficial view of the work of this Christian institution. But when we remember that not only have these poor sick ones been cared for in the most thorough and skilful manner, but the Gospel has also been preached to them, and they have been pointed to Christ as their only hope; also that very few of these were likely to come under Christian influence in any other

way—this is what gives weight to the work of medical missions.

We spent a day at this mission in June, 1892, with some friends from Boston. We went early, that we might be present at the Gospel service which opens the medical mission days—Tuesday and Friday each week. At 10 a.m., when we entered, the room was well filled; a deaconess was playing the harmonium, and the people were singing heartily one of Sankey's hymns. As we looked around on the motley crowd the chapter in St. Mark's Gospel came to mind—the halt, the blind, the lame, the possessed of devils, were all there. Repulsive forms of disease met our sight: old men with distressing coughs, puny babies looking as though food would be the best remedy—a sorrowful company, but happy and content for the time. A Gospel message, clear and practical, very short and eagerly listened to, was given. As it closed the speaker told them when they came again in September it would not be in the old room, which was dear to many of them, but in a larger and more comfortable hall in the new building. A few words of personal application, a short prayer, and the old hospital will no longer be used as a meeting-place.

We went from this service to another ministry, more difficult, but just as heartily done unto the Lord. We entered first the surgery. Here three ladies, workers in the medical mission, were busy binding up wounds. One was on her knees, carefully washing and dressing a very ugly-looking leg belonging to a poor and ragged man. She seemed so kind and tender and skilful, that it was really Christ-like in the love manifested. A second one of the young ladies, from 'The Willows,' was binding up 'a broken head' for a lad about twelve years old; the other was attending to a broken arm. For two or three hours they were patiently ministering to these suffering ones, as they came in one after another in turn, and they were bright and cheery all the time, though the room was small and close.

In the little dispensary the two deaconesses (qualified dispensers) were engaged with drugs, bottles, labels, etc. Two doctors were occupied in their consulting-rooms with the more serious cases; and in the waiting-room two other deaconesses were employed in reading and singing to those who waited their turn. This goes on two mornings each week, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. 'It is a strange place this; I never

saw anything like it!' was the remark of a patient who came for the first time. 'Yes,' replied a fellow-patient, who was a Christian and had a longer experience, 'it *is* a strange place; and they are a strange people *here, too!*' referring to the distinctively Christian character of those who nursed them in the hospital.

The inhabitants of this district may be divided into two classes: the lower stratum, comprising costermongers, bird-fanciers, waifs, pickpockets and thieves; a class above these, miserably poor often, but honest and industrious, engaged in some humble craft. It is really most pathetic to see how they live. They make mouse-traps, farthing shuttle-cocks, halfpenny kites, penny toasting-forks. There are dock hands, silk-weavers, match-box makers. Poor things! what could they do when sick? To such, what an unspeakable boon is the mission hospital and free dispensary! 'I'm looking longingly forward to the time when I can leave this room for that cool, *beautiful hospital!*' said one poor woman, who was waiting her turn for admission.

Dr. Dixon was called on in January, 1880, after five years of very successful ministry here, to fulfil an old promise made to Mr. Wilkinson before going to Bethnal Green—namely, to

open a medical mission at Whitechapel, in the Mildmay Mission to the Jews; and Dr. Gauld was installed in his place as head of the Bethnal Green Mission and Hospital. He had been for fourteen years a medical missionary at Swatow, China; his failing health brought him to London, and his services were secured for this important position. He is a skilful physician and a consecrated missionary. His great aim is to bring men to Christ. His devotion to his chosen work has been greatly blessed. In China, under great difficulties, he organized a medical mission, and with very little means secured a suitable building. His pleasant and cheerful way always makes him welcome, and his kindness and thoughtful consideration for the poor and suffering especially makes him a favourite counsellor with all. Miss Goodwyn, the Lady Superintendent, is a bright example of the English nurse — a Florence Nightingale in her line — a true Christian lady, gentle yet strong, kind but firm, and most capable. It was a kind Providence that brought her back to Mildmay restored to health in time to superintend the furnishing of the new hospital. She has managed this difficult work in the most admirable way. With a quick eye to see, a

clever mathematical head, and a faith which has the right fibre, her services have been invaluable. She said in explaining to a visitor: 'You see, in one way we are at a disadvantage, for while we must have skilful nurses and physicians, in addition to their professional qualifications they must be real, earnest Christians. We might often secure a skilful worker, who would be lacking in the one essential qualification. But as Christians we feel we must be thorough, that we may thus commend God's love to our patients.' Miss Goodwyn plans for each worker, so that she can have her quiet hour daily; and the secret of the power here, as in all of the work, is due largely to the fact that each busy worker has one of the fresh morning hours for this secret communion with Him who gives wisdom and power.

Dr. Gauld paid a noble tribute to the work of the nurses, not only in their professional capacity, but as soul-winners. Mildmay is happy in her helpers and superintendents.

They surely live in the midst of sorrow that few know anything about. Some illustrations will give point to this fact. One nurse says: 'A woman came to us to have a wound in her head cared for, saying she had been sixteen times at a hospital to be cured of wounds,

bruises, broken bones, caused by her husband's brutality.' 'Little Jim was a marvel of patience as he lay suffering from an incurable disease. For many weeks milk was his only food, but his voice was always loudest in singing grace, with closed eyes and folded hands, though he knew he must not eat any of the things the others had. One Sunday nurse sat talking to him. She said, "Which would you rather: get well and go home, or go and live with God? The quick answer came, "Go and live with God, nurse." He would sometimes cry, in his hunger, for solid food; but when told to ask God to take his hunger away, he would cease crying and drink his milk. After he went home, nurse was visiting him and trying to comfort and cheer him. She said: "How nice to have your mother!" "Yes," he said, "but it will be nicer to be with God." Looking at his emaciated body, and the room so small and comfortless, where one could scarcely turn in it, she thought, "Yes, far nicer."' Another incident, taken from the earlier reports, shows how the nurses are regarded:

Miss Marshall, for years a devoted and skilful nurse in this hospital, was struck down by fever caught from one she nursed. A most touching incident occurred at her funeral. A

working man present stood up, and with tears rolling down his cheeks, his voice broken with sobs, testified to the blessing he had received through Miss Marshall, as the instrument, under God, of his conversion when in the hospital. To hundreds like blessings have come through the earnest efforts of the faithful nurses. It would take too much space to enumerate even a small part of the many cases that come under notice each year. They cannot be recorded, but they are not forgotten.

It may be asked, Why is the old hospital, so useful, given up? In answer, we cannot give a history of the various reasons which resulted in building the new hospital; but to those who know the many inconveniences under which this work has gone on so nobly, and the outlay of strength resulting therefrom, it is a matter of great rejoicing to see this new hospital nearing its completion. It is a model of all that is desirable for a mission hospital, and is, if possible, soon to be opened. The furnishing is now going on with great vigour, through the united efforts of many friends. There is a deficiency yet to be made up on the cost of the building, but we feel sure it will be cleared before the opening. The giving up of the old hospital became necessary,

as it was recently condemned by the authorities, with much of the surrounding district. So a better site was found and purchased, in a more healthy locality, not far from the old premises. In laying the corner-stone a very interesting ceremony was held, and some words spoken which will help us better to see why the change was made. Colonel Morton, Conference Hall Superintendent, was chairman. After the preliminary opening with hymns and prayer, Dr. Gauld said: 'For five years we have been praying for the proposed and sorely needed building. The sights and sounds of Turville Square not only retard the recovery of patients, but break down the health of the nurses, whose nights are always disturbed. The new site will have the advantage of greater quiet and seclusion. Its accommodation will also be increased from twenty-seven to fifty beds.' The three large wards are named as follows: the men's ward, 'The Mathieson;' the women's, 'The Tankerville;' the children's, 'The Coventry.' Dr. Maxwell said at this meeting, also: 'If asked to point out one of the foremost expressions of Christian life and work in London, I might well lay my finger upon Bethnal Green Mission Hospital; and if similar institutions were multiplied, they would

form the best kind of evidences of Christianity.'

At the close of the speeches, the Countess of Tankerville came forward; and when the foundation-stone was lowered to its position, her ladyship tapped and tested it with a silver trowel, in the customary fashion, and pronounced it 'well and truly laid.' The successful completion of this great and beneficent work is due largely to Mr. Mathieson, who has been unwearied in his efforts and in his generous help to the funds; also to Lord and Lady Tankerville, and many others whose names cannot be given for lack of space. To all the large circle of those who have watched with prayer and helpful words and gifts, it will be ample compensation to see this work going on under more favourable conditions and enlarged opportunities.

The new hospital will be carried on in the same lines as the old, which makes it a unique work; as no other hospital for missions is so connected with medical missions as this. The Victoria Park Medical Mission and the Walworth Medical Mission, south of the Thames, as well as the Medical Mission to the Jews—all Mildmay institutions—send their patients to this hospital for nursing, and thence they often

go to the Convalescent Home at Barnet: so that the work is very thoroughly organized for a complete mission work. The inscription on the corner-stone is the best expression of the meaning of all this work:

'TO THE GLORY OF GOD.'

CHAPTER X.

MILDMAY MISSION TO THE JEWS.

'They shall prosper that love Thee.'—PSA. cxxii. 6.

REV. JOHN WILKINSON, sometimes called the 'Jew's man,' because of his devotion to his chosen work, the conversion of Israel, is, like St. Paul, a man of one idea. This is true of all who leave an impress upon their age. 'This one thing I do' is the motto of such men, and it is quite sure to result in one thing done.

Mr. Wilkinson's early life was spent in a cottage home in one of the beautiful and rural villages of England, Tealby in Lincolnshire. He was a quiet, studious lad, who very early gave his heart to God. Nothing worthy of note marked his life till he reached the age of twenty, when the subject of the Christian ministry was presented to him, but met by him

with utter repugnance. It was, however, constantly pressed home to him: wherever he went, and whatever he undertook, the unwelcome thought still recurred, till, at length, believing it was a call from God, he yielded, and presented himself as a candidate to the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews. He was accepted, and in 1851 began a three years' course of study at the college of the British Jews' Society, situated at Blackfriars. He entered upon his studies with a resolute will to master all the difficulties of that difficult course. For three years he devoted himself to Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Greek, Latin, theology, and logic. By dint of hard study and self-denial, our young missionary achieved the mastery of Hebrew in two years; and so well does he read and translate the language of God's ancient people, that he is often taken for one of them, for whose salvation he has given himself. He finished the curriculum in less time than had been appointed, and 'left this college the first and only Gentile who had graduated there.'

In April, 1854, his true missionary career began amongst the 'Dutch cattle-drovers of Barnsbury Market,' and for twenty-two years his work was growing in importance and use-

fulness. As a missionary he 'preached, lectured, and itinerated in all sorts of places, preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ first to the Jew.' During these years, while connected with the parent society, he travelled about 10,000 miles each year, and was 'abundant in labours.' But this was only a preparatory training for the great work upon which he entered in 1876. For reasons which we cannot enumerate, he resigned his position in the British Society, and thus cut loose from all visible means of support. But he heard 'a voice behind him, saying, This is the way walk ye in it.'

His resignation was accepted in February, 1876; but he still continued his work for three months. In the meantime, his care in regard to the support of his family was removed in a Providential way. A packet was placed in his hand by a Christian merchant, who said, 'Don't open it till you reach home.' It contained £300. This he accepted as a 'love-token' from the Father's hand, who was leading him in an untried path. He was now at liberty to carry out a long-cherished plan—to organize an aggressive mission work among the Jews of London. For several years he had been intimately connected with the beloved

Mr. Pennefather, and had been watching the gradual development of the Mildmay institutions with warm interest and sympathy. He had often said to his friend, 'Your work at Mildmay will never be complete until you have linked to it a mission to the Jews.' After the death of Mr. Pennefather, Captain Morton, Superintendent of the Conference Hall, in conjunction with Mrs. Pennefather, carried on this great work. After due consideration, Mr. Wilkinson wrote and offered his services gratuitously as missionary to the Jews in connection with Mildmay, and received a warm response from Captain Morton, accepting his offer. Thus, on June 1, 1876, began the Mildmay Mission to the Jews.

As soon as this was made known Mr. Wilkinson had a valuable helper and fellow-labourer offered him, in the person of Mr. Adler, the son of a Jewish Rabbi, of Poland. This man, on professing faith in the rejected Messiah, Jesus Christ, had suffered the loss of all things—home, friends, wife and child, and earthly store. Mr. Wilkinson received him gladly. His services were especially valuable, since he was a 'Talmudic' scholar, and well able to cope with his unconverted brethren where a Gentile Christian would scarcely hope to follow.

The only obstacle in engaging his services at once was lack of funds. Mr. Wilkinson had determined to accept no helper till he should have at least a year's salary in hand. This came to him; so that in October he placed Mr. Adler as first helper on the staff of the Mildmay Mission to the Jews, a position which he still ably fills.

The work commenced in the Apostolic way. These two went forth into the byways of the great city, preaching Christ; first at Spitalfields and the notorious Whitechapel district. This is a precious harvest-field! The novelist has immortalized 'Petticoat Lane' and 'Rag Fair' as the elysium of old-clothes merchants, brokers, and pawnshops, a district swarming with the descendants of Abraham. This is patent to any casual observer, from the faces you meet as well as the signs upon the shops. Two great synagogues are found here: the first built two centuries ago by the Portuguese Jews; another, in Duke's Place, is larger, and attended by the wealthier families. As you watch the motley stream surging along, if you knew them as these missionaries have learnt to know them, you would find among these refugees many a cultured gentleman, having passed with honours a University career,

now a poor working man—his critical knowledge of Hebrew apparently of no use to him. How pathetic to know that more than 70,000 are thus toiling in London for a bare subsistence! To such poor exiles and sad wanderers these two men bring the Good News. How do they receive them? As their fathers did their Blessed Master—with scoffs, often with abuse. Sometimes mobbed, fleeing for safety into some friendly house, yet not in the least dismayed, they continue pushing forward the good work.

Soon a mission hall emerged from the very centre of this hopeless quarter. A roomy, convenient house, in a most wretched district, was seized upon by Mr. Wilkinson, as the most central point, rent low, and with possibilities in it to him quite delightful. It soon presented a most attractive appearance, by means of carpenters, painters, paperers, and charwomen. And it did not take long to furnish it as a mission hall. In front were displayed tracts in different languages, and a card on which was inscribed, in large Hebrew character, Isaiah liii. Here the missionaries met every Sunday for prayer; then went forth to preach to the Jews outside; then to gather as many as possible for a meeting inside. At

three o'clock the service began, and closed at 5 p.m. They read a chapter first in Hebrew, German, and English; then expounded in regard to the Messiahship of Jesus and the sinner's need. At first there were storms of opposition, cursing, and blasphemy. But Mr. Wilkinson never even called for the help of a policeman, but by unfailing patience and kindness he at length won his way among this difficult people. His heart was made glad by seeing them coming and accepting the rejected Jesus. Hundreds have heard the Glad Tidings.

A second room was taken in Bethnal Green, and the three workers (Mr. Halbmillion had joined them) now had their hands full, visiting from house to house, preaching on the streets, in the mission halls, and whenever they could find a Jew to listen. Soon a fourth worker joined them, but the work grew more rapidly than the workers came in. They began to feel the need of woman's help to reach the mothers and children; and in answer to prayer Miss Butcher and Mrs. Börst, a converted Jewess, were added to the staff of workers. These two sisters, the Gentile and the Jewish Christian, visited the homes, and made known a Risen Saviour to the women. They imme-

diately opened a meeting for Jewesses in Well-close Square. Soon the way was clear for a night-school for Jewish children. Mr. Wilkinson very wisely made the proviso that no child could be received without the consent of both parents, and those who came should be taught and trained as he thought best, the friends not interfering at all. A room at the back of the mission hall was made ready, and, under the superintendence of three Christian ladies, the work flourished, and is still going on. Here are taught Scripture texts, Gospel hymns, a simple catechism, morning and evening prayers, etc. Sankey's hymns are a boon, for nothing is a surer antidote for restless hands and feet.

At the beginning of the year Mr. Wilkinson had asked God, in definite prayer, for £1,000 for rent, salaries, and for relief of the poor in various ways. The year would close May 31, 1877. On the 30th the receipts came up to £990; on the morning of the 31st came a cheque for £25, so they had a small margin over what they had asked for.

Mr. Wilkinson not only contemplated an aggressive mission in the great Metropolis, but one of his most cherished plans included an itinerant mission. This effort was followed

with great blessing. Of the 80,000 Jews in Great Britain at that time, about half were in London; a large proportion of the remaining half were congregated in commercial and manufacturing centres. Mr. Wilkinson, with Mr. Adler as assistant, started his work by using the same methods as had proved so successful in London. His first point was Grimsby and Hull. There he used the placard with Isaiah liii., in large Hebrew letters, at his front window. A group of Jews soon collected in front of it. Mr. Adler seized his chance, went into the circle, explained to them that Jesus is the One of whom the prophet spoke, and invited them in to talk about it.

They managed in the two weeks they stayed there to see nearly every Jew in the place. Some opposed, but a few heard the Word and accepted the message. In this manner they made a tour of many important towns. They returned full of faith for this branch of work.

The next tour, made ten months later, was to Sweden, invited by Pastor Lindström. At their first meeting, in Gottenburg, many Jews were present; indeed, the little mission house was packed, 'aisles, lobbies, staircases, and even the pulpit crowded.' Thence they went to Stockholm, and then a tour through the

provincial towns; at each point a missionary work was established, as they had done the previous year in England: then home in time to close the second year in London. It was a time of great blessing, as they reviewed the year. Every branch of the home work had been blessed, and a large field had been opened across the Channel. The funds had never failed once; and you can imagine Mr. Wilkinson's joy when the postman's rap brought with it the last cheque to complete the £1,000 he had prayed for a year ago that day. The staff of workers now numbered ten, some friends offering their services gratis. The meetings had increased in interest, and the itinerary had in no degree lessened the work at the Metropolitan centre. Many Jews had made a public profession by baptism. Mr. Wilkinson told me, during Conference-week this year, he had absolutely depended for support and education of his family upon direct free-will offerings from the Lord's people, and he had never trusted in vain. 'All my needs have been supplied. The promise is a blank cheque, to be filled up by faith as I need.'

The time had now come to establish the long-looked-for medical mission to the Jews; and Mr. Wilkinson now laid claim to the

services pledged by Dr. Dixon before he went to Bethnal Green, where he had for five years given his services to the medical mission and hospital. About the same time an Inquirers' Home was established in Newington Green. A Christian Superintendent was placed in charge of the home.

One of Mr. Pennefather's orphan boys, referred to in Chapter I., a few years ago became the head-manager of the printing-office below the Inquirers' Home (where the Mildmay magazine is printed), and taught the Jews of the home, who showed aptitude for it, the printer's trade. He himself, thoroughly interested in Mr. Wilkinson's work, has now been appointed depositary to the book store; but the apprentices continue to learn under another manager.

So the inquirers and converts had not only the advantages of a home and a trade, but have always had the best spiritual teaching. The Monday prayer-meeting is a time of great blessing; and through this Inquirers' Home many have been led to Christ. Many of those who are converted become earnest missionaries to their own people.

Mr. Wilkinson received money in answer to prayer, and opened a home for destitute Jewish

children. Over this home he installed his daughter, Miss Florence Wilkinson, as Superintendent. When I visited the home there were seventeen little things, half the number being under seven years of age, mostly foreign-born. Miss Wilkinson is devoted to her children, and it is a most interesting field of labour. They are taught to take a share in keeping the house tidy; even the very little ones love to feel they may help in the work.

This is in no way a complete history of this most wonderful mission; volumes would be needed to do justice to it; but for those who are looking to do this work, an outline of Mr. Wilkinson's methods may be helpful. He distributes many tracts and New Testaments and he has this advantage: most of the Jews can read; very many are able to read Hebrew, so that a New Testament in Hebrew for the Jews was a great consideration. The itinerary for 1881 was extended to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee; and this year gave Mr. Wilkinson an especial joy in this, that, as a sort of first-fruits of the itinerary, the Rev. David Baron, a convert at the first itinerant mission established at Hull, was added to the staff of missionaries, and took a foremost part in this third mission into Scotland. Since that time

Mr. Baron has made one in the itinerating parties which Mr. Wilkinson has continued to send each year with great good. Often during the year several of these mission tours are made. This service was rendered much more effective by the New Testament movement, 'evidently of God, and an important sign of the times,' to use Mr. Wilkinson's own words. Briefly this is its history, as gathered from Mr. Wilkinson's 'Occasional Papers,' No. 1.

Mr. Salkinson was the first Jew to translate the New Testament into Hebrew. Other translations existed, in many respects excellent and faithful to the grammar, but lacking in the spirit, style, and sweet flow of the Old Testament idiom, of which Mr. Salkinson was a master, and perhaps had not his equal in Europe. In the autumn of 1882 he came to London, in order to get it printed. He succeeded, through Mr. Wilkinson's help, in arranging with the Trinitarian Bible Society for its publication; but Mr. Salkinson died before the translation was quite completed, and Dr. Ginsburg, a well-known scholar took up the work where Mr. Salkinson left it.

The first edition of 2,000 was exhausted in one month. It was highly praised by scores

of Jewish missionaries, but it was also criticised by a few Gentile and Jewish scholars. A thorough revision was made by six Hebrew scholars, and the much-improved edition was brought out in 1886. Mr. Wilkinson had meanwhile become acquainted with Rabinowitz, whose conversion was due to reading a Hebrew New Testament, and the thought occurred to him, 'Why not a wide and *free* distribution of Hebrew New Testaments amongst the Jews throughout the world?' This he thought about, and prayed about, until it was finally decided to print 100,000 copies of the revised edition for free distribution. This number, at one shilling each, would cost £5,000. A gentleman who had seen a reference to this plan in *Service for the King*, was led voluntarily to give a cheque for £3,000, April 19, 1886; he afterwards increased it to £3,120, and also gave a guarantee for all that might be short of the £5,000, so that they might make better terms by ordering the whole number at once. On October 9, 1866, the first copy was sent by post to Mr. Wilkinson. So the 100,000 were soon ready for distribution, and the sum of £1,250 to aid in sending throughout the world.

The history of this wonderful movement is a

most thrilling story of the power which one man may have in setting influences in motion that shall move the whole world. Through the energetic efforts of this small staff of workers, these New Testaments are sure to go into all lands. The first great distribution was undertaken in the Russian Empire, where more than 5,000,000 Jews were found at that time. The itinerant missions were made much more effective now, since the workers could put a New Testament into the hands of every Jew. In 1886 the itinerant mission was conducted by Messrs. Baron and Barnett in Pomerania and North-East Prussia; and in 1887 among the Jews in Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, and Galicia. One feature of this work was to send 2,237 Hebrew New Testaments to as many Jewish Rabbis in these countries.

During the same spring Mr. Halbmillion made a tour through North Africa and Morocco, and so deeply was he impressed with the importance of this work that, through the kindness of a gentleman, he and his wife were sent for a three years' mission to North Africa and Morocco, where the work had been greatly blessed.

These itinerant missions are still a very important part of this great work, and be sure

Mr. Wilkinson never lets his grip slacken on these centres. But he seems to be able, in his largeness of heart, to compass every land. In studying Mr. Wilkinson's work it impresses one with its thorough and systematic evangelistic methods. He establishes as he goes on, and so naturally does each branch of the work arise from the needs of the time and place that it seems like a growth. The year 1891 was especially fruitful. The great changes and movement among the Jews, due to the persecutions in Russia, afforded a rare opportunity for work among them, and Mr. Wilkinson used these openings with marvellous results.

Several itinerant missions were organized for this year. We can only refer to them, but they are worthy of thorough study.

Early in the spring of 1891, Mr. Samuel H. Wilkinson—son of the director—accompanied by a converted Jew, made a three months' missionary tour through various parts of Germany, and later in the year a one month's tour, taken by Mr. Baron, resulted in awakening a great interest among the Jews, to whom a large number of New Testaments, both Hebrew and German, were given. But, better still, they succeeded in rousing the

Christians, so that they are praying for and working lovingly amongst the Jews at their doors, and this work still goes on. One man whose interest was awakened by Mr. S. Wilkinson's visit writes that between October 21st and November 8th he distributed 132 New Testaments, and called for more to be sent. In Russia the work has been prosecuted with great interest; in Palestine, Egypt, Morocco, Smyrna and Jaffa a great seed-sowing has already shown signs of abundant harvest.

In New York, also, this work is pushed by Mr. Warszawiak, who is very successful. Mr. Wilkinson has entered into arrangements with him to give him for one year £300 towards the expense of distribution, which was commenced last August; he also has given many thousands of Scriptures. Mr. Warszawiak keeps a record of numbers given, name and address of each one who received a New Testament. In this way the work is followed up by personal effort. Hundreds of Jews have attended Warszawiak's meetings nightly, some of this the result, perhaps, of the New Testaments given in Russia. More than a million Jews are already in the United States, and more are coming. In Chicago alone 60,000 are already there, and Russian refugees are coming in great numbers.

Mr. Bernhard Angel writes Mr. Wilkinson to send him thousands of copies of the New Testament in Hebrew and Jargon. The demand is increasing. This is the only mission to the Jews in that city and vicinity, and everyone ought to be wide awake in this grand work. Mr. Wilkinson is prepared to send New Testaments to any society who will furnish funds to distribute them.

The annual report for 1891 is full of interesting matter and true incidents. At the commencement of the year he had in his New Testament fund over £10,000; at its close more than half had been spent in the purchase and distribution of more than 300,000 New Testaments. He says: 'The doors of the world are opening to us amongst Israel, so by God's help and blessing we shall pursue this work with new energy and *speed* until every pound is spent, and then trust the Lord for more until He come' (Report, 1891).

No one can spend an hour with this modern apostle to the Jews without catching something of his enthusiam. His faith is strangely real and absolute, and honoured of God in truly miraculous ways. He commenced his work in 1876 without any means, dependent for his own and his family's support. His work is

now extending into all lands wherever Jews are found. Centres of mission work and depots of distribution are established everywhere, yet he has time to care for the poor and needy Jews of London, and interest himself in individual cases, so that one can but wonder at his energy. He has spent thousands upon thousands in his widely-spread work, and, although connected with the Mildmay work, he never has been obliged to draw upon its funds at all, but God has raised up friends so that he has never lacked. He is building a new mission hall, which will be large enough for the medical branch, night school, and sewing classes. Yet he has always adhered strictly to the Mildmay principle—Never go in debt. As his work is for the whole world, so he receives contributions from Christians in all lands, and what he uses for his own family expenses is sent to him always for this purpose, he never drawing a penny from other funds. He himself lives in a small house, at a low rent, with nothing invested on earth, and in worldly wealth is as poor to-day as at the commencement of the mission.

He has upon his staff in the medical mission one of Mrs. Pennefather's deaconesses, both able and enthusiastic workers in the medical

mission ; and Mrs. Wilkinson, the wife of the director, has been a most able and interested co-worker. In his arduous labours she has sympathized and shared. With her pen, and by interesting others in the Jewesses, especially the upper class, she has done much to promote the work. It is quite impossible to do more than call attention to this great and noble work. For what has been done, and the agencies that have been set to work, all nations ought to praise God. Those who wish to know more of this most interesting branch of Mildmay Missions should send to Mr. McCluer, Central Hall, Philpot Street, London, E., who will gladly send reports and occasional papers, which will give full and interesting accounts of the work. Mr. Wilkinson has a paper each month in the Mildmay magazine, *Service for the King*, entitled 'Trusting and Toiling.' These interesting accounts will be sure to cause a glow of pleasure and give a new interest in 'God's ancient people.'

CHAPTER XI.

AFFILIATED WORK.

'Lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes.'

EXPANSION was God's intention in all His designs. Every seed—as He made it—was to unfold itself into another. 'Spiritual expansion' is needed to-day, in the largest sense, so that 'the good seed shall unfold in all the waste places of earth.'

This is an admitted characteristic of Mildmay. We have given a glimpse at the different branches; but one most interesting feature must not be overlooked, viz., the affiliated work.

Early in the history of this mission calls came to Mrs. Pennefather for one or more, as the case might be, of her deaconesses to help in needy places. To these, whenever circumstances allowed, she responded by lending her

workers for such time as it might seem wise to do so. This custom is still kept up; although there are many more calls than can be supplied, yet a few important branches of this kind of work are always carried on, though Mildmay itself has nothing to do with the funds of such institutions. We can only give a passing notice to these. For more than thirty years the great harvest-field has been receiving its labourers from this centre. One or two of the very first are even now busy in the chosen place to which they went so long ago. Some have gone Home to their reward, while others have returned to England on account of failing health.

'Mildmay Abroad' would form one of the most interesting chapters, if the data for a proper representation of this important field were at hand, but as this is not the case, the pleasing task must be left to someone acquainted with its details who can give a fitting account of it. The little book entitled 'Light on an Eastern Shore' will show how one deaconess, sent out by Mrs. Pennefather, started the medical mission at Jaffa, and nearly completed the beautiful English Hospital, which is still the centre of influence for good, and which is greatly blessed.

Another interesting mission, which has two

deaconesses from Mildmay doing very effective work, is in Jamaica. This mission has a hospital connected with it, and is flourishing. In different parts of India, and in Cyprus, the good seed is also bearing fruit.

Even in that hotbed of bigotry and Moslem intolerance, Peshawar, the capital of Afghanistan, a Mildmay deaconess may be found patiently working to teach the way of life under persecution which might well weaken the courage of the bravest.

In 1881 a deaconess was sent to Malta to work among the wives of soldiers stationed there. The effort has been maintained up to the present, and greatly blessed. The garrison of Malta consists in ordinary times of over 4,000 soldiers, comprising Royal Engineers, artillery, and infantry, frequently stationed there on their return from India. It is difficult in brief to enumerate the duties that fall to a deaconess as garrison-visitor. In the families of the soldiers and with the wives are abundant opportunities for Christian work. Death often comes as an unwelcome intruder, and sorrowful hearts need comfort and guidance. The regiments are sometimes called away suddenly, and at such times the women cling pitifully to their visitor. They welcome cordially every

visit, and it is a very fruitful field of Christian effort.

Northampton is another interesting branch of the affiliated work. The Superintendent was one of the first to connect herself with Mildmay, and she has been blessed to many souls. When she first became a deaconess, she was assigned a district in London which was notorious as the headquarters of a large band of thieves. Her reminiscences of those early mission days are thrillingly interesting. Though she has been for more than a quarter of a century wholly engaged in this work, she is a very bright and interesting companion; the young people especially are attracted to her. She has few gray hairs, and is young in heart and full of the 'savour of Christ.'

She was probably sent to Northampton on account of its peculiar difficulties. It was the very hotbed of atheism. The deaconesses were sent there at the request of the clergyman in 1882, so the mission is about ten years old. The cost of maintaining it was undertaken by a Christian lady who was particularly interested in the place. She still continues to act as its honoured secretary and treasurer. The difficulties of the work in a town so notorious

for its infidelity and immorality had been felt for a long time, and had been made the subject of special prayer by many Christians. At length it began to be very keenly realized that the ministry of woman was needed as an aid to the other helpers. And thus the call

VIEW FROM THE BACK OF A MISSION HOUSE.

came to Mrs. Pennefather for one or two from her band. And two were sent.

The work at first was extremely unpromising, the ground very hard and the results small. But a great change has been wrought. The doors once bolted against them are wide open, the visitors welcomed, and every part of the

mission is prosperous. The Superintendent had at one time enrolled in her men's Bible-class over one hundred names, but on account of ill-health was obliged to give it up. The Gospel meetings are well attended. Two other clergymen have asked for help, and have one or two deaconesses at work with them. The shoemakers (of whom there are 2,500) were at first the most difficult class to reach. The shoemaker, as a rule, is a man who thinks for himself, and his trade allows him to talk while at work. Atheism had taken root, and it was a difficult problem how to get at the men, as they are banded together in large factories.

After trying various expedients for drawing them to hear the Gospel, it was decided to invite them to a tea prepared for them in the lecture-hall. Now, if a 'Tea' will not attract a class of English working men, you may consider it hopeless!

About Christmas time, 1885, the invitations were sent out. The ladies had prepared the way for this important event by visiting, by helping the destitute, nursing the sick, and by every means which a Christian woman has in her power, till they had by their continued efforts reached the hearts of many.

At first it was uphill work. They were met

with cynicism and ridicule. These men could not understand the disinterested motives that prompted all this unwonted kindness. Some predicted that there would not be ten shoemakers at the tea.

But at the appointed time the guests, over 300 in number, came quietly in and took their places, as though used to such gatherings all their life. The men fastened in their buttonholes the flowers which were found by the plates, pleased that even the pin had not been forgotten. The texts were as quietly placed in their pockets.

When every seat was filled, the lady at the head of the table stood up, and they rose to sing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' Tears of gladness were seen in many eyes. They sang several Gospel hymns after the tea was finished, and then the Rev. John Wilkinson gave the address. All listened attentively. At the closing prayer every head was reverently bowed, and they went home quietly and thoughtfully. From that time weekly services have been held for the shoemakers. Many who had never darkened the door of church or chapel before have become constant attendants upon the Word of God, and are now consistent Christians. It is a

thrillingly interesting story of changed lives, wrought by God's Word, which has been faithfully preached both by precept and example.

Among those who came to the tea was one rank atheist, a leader. He was so touched by the address, the songs, and prayers, that he came to the Gospel service the next week. The Superintendent gave a lesson on 'God is love,' making a diagram on a black board: he was quite broken down, and gave his heart to God. For six years he has been one of the best helpers in the mission, a teacher in Sabbath-school, and a humble Christian.

The work has so increased that now they have a staff of six deaconesses beside the Superintendent. The Christian shoemakers are now as zealous to sow the good seed as they were before to spread the rank weeds of atheism. The Northampton mission is a living example of the truth that, if the Gospel reaches men's lives, it must be done by faithful personal effort.

The Connaught Institute, Brighton, is another proof of the same fact, too often overlooked by Christians, who expect men will be brought to a new life by one agency—preaching—overlooking the work which belongs to the individual.

This institute was established for soldiers in 1878, but its benefits have been extended, so that not only soldiers, but many others enjoy its light. It does not belong to Mildmay, nor does it derive its support from the Mildmay funds. But it is worked by a staff of Mildmay deaconesses, who are sent by Mrs. Pennefather and responsible to her.

From the last report we glean the following:

'The work and influence of the institution have grown and extended beyond all expectation during the eleven years past. As heretofore, it will be maintained on strictly unsectarian Protestant lines. Our space is taxed to its utmost capacity, owing to increasing numbers attending the services. The medical mission has been a blessing to thousands; there are increasing tokens of blessing. The work includes soldiers, policemen, postmen, and wage-earners of every sort.'

One of the most interesting features of the organized mission effort is a band of workers and helpers numbering more than two hundred and fifty, who are so thoroughly organized and disciplined that they have all the efficiency of an army. One cannot spend a Sabbath at the Connaught without being impressed with the

tremendous power which lies dormant in so many of our Churches and missions. We can make our meaning clear by giving a brief account of a Sabbath spent there with some friends. The workers' prayer-meeting on Saturday we missed, though one of our party, who attended it, reported it as one of the most spiritually 'alive prayer-meetings' he had ever attended.

Sunday morning at 9.30 we all gathered in the long and rather narrow room. It was well filled with very respectable English working men and women. A man in middle life, one of the workers, led the meeting. He gave a very simple yet practical exposition of a few verses. All in the room followed closely from their own Bibles, which they carry with them to every service.

The injunction of the leader was obeyed, viz., 'Be short and definite, so as a good many can pray.' It was surprising how many voices were heard in that half-hour. These 'Workers' and 'Helpers' have their duties assigned so clearly that everything moves like clockwork. Some are told off to open-air work, others to indoor duty, but each has his post, and no drones are to be found. A little badge of blue and red marks each, and means,

'I am a Connaught worker or helper, a Christian, and a total abstainer.' There are seventeen different services during the Sabbath-day in this building. The hall is all thrown into one room for evening service at seven o'clock, when it is filled to its utmost capacity (1,200). Mr. Gammage, the evangelist, a most effective preacher, holds the attention of that large audience. The Sabbath-school follows the morning service, when 500 children are gathered into orderly classes, whose teachers are drawn from the band of Helpers. It is interesting to see the men who are detailed to this duty quickly change the audience-room to a school-room. An infant-class is going on in the kitchen, a rough lads' class in one room, a class of Christian lads in another, a young women's class in the large dining-room, etc. The deaconess in charge is everywhere giving welcome, kindly inquiring for the sick. Every-one who comes is greeted by her and her assistants.

It is a model work—all are in earnest to win souls. This is the secret of success. This is a good place to study the growth in Christian life and character. The converts' monthly prayer-meeting, led by Mr. Gammage, was full of interesting suggestions how to train workers.

All departments of this work are similar to those of other missions, but this one feature is peculiar to itself. The problem of how to enlist every member in Christian work is here successfully solved, and with most satisfactory results.

Another institution of Mildmay might be mentioned here, not affiliated work, although it is akin to it. About three years ago, at the request of the Vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Margate, Mrs. Pennefather sent one of her deaconesses into that old seaside parish, where she is at present, working in the same lines as others.

Through this another change was brought about. Mildmay had a house of rest for her deaconesses at Brighton, but for various reasons it was not satisfactory, and it was thought best to move. This seemed Providential. A good house in Margate was purchased, and it has been recently fitted up as the Mildmay House of Rest. Those who know what work is in the lower parts of London, or any large city, will see why such a place is essential. The tired worker must often lay aside the heavy burden or break down, and the carefulness with which this

is watched is one of the secrets of power at Mildmay.

Margate has some excellent qualities for this purpose. The old town is situated on the coast in the Isle of Thanet—the landing-place of the Saxons. It was this island upon which Augustine and his band of monks and choristers disembarked when he came as a missionary to our heathen ancestors. Green, in his 'History of the English People,' says: 'It is with the landing of Hengist and his war-band at Ebbs-Fleet' (not far from Margate), 'on the shore of the Isle of Thanet, that English history begins. No spot in England can be so sacred to Englishmen as that which first felt the tread of English feet.'

Here Roman, Saxon and Norman remains jostle each other, and make all these towns attractive to one who delights in hunting out the old landmarks. Many interesting spots are within walking distance of the Mildmay house for those who are fond of pedestrian excursions. These attractions to an active mind are healthful incentives to exercise, which is more valuable if a motive urges. The weary and depressed worker in slums will soon recover her elasticity, and find relaxation for mind as well as body, in these recreations. It is the

mind that needs to be diverted from the harrowing scenes of human suffering and want in which she must spend so much time ministering.

Again, it is said no spot in England affords such air as Margate boasts of. The surf, seen from the high chalk cliffs, comes rolling in from Norway, and when a storm is on there is nothing to break its force. The sunsets are glorious, and the colours here no doubt gave Turner some of his best hints for his sea-views.

The home is very cosy and home-like. It is a little Mildmay, where those who need the sea-air may come and enjoy it, and yet be at home. The other places of rest are some of them at the seaside, some among the hills, some in the quiet of the country. Many kind friends offer the hospitality of their delightful homes to the workers for a few days, as they may need.

One of these homes, which always has a warm welcome for the Mildmay deaconess, is at Putney. Here a few days of perfect rest and pleasant surroundings act as a healer to body and mind. One, in order to know Mildmay, must know its friends. Whoever stays up the hands of those who must endure the

heat and dust of actual service is doing God's will as well as those who are in the thick of the fight. Even those who can only pray are God's ministers—

> 'Free of the heavenly storehouse ;
> For they hold the master-key
> That opens all the fulness
> Of God's great treasury.'

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

A FEW words of general application, and the pleasant task of gathering up the lessons learned at Mildmay is ended. If the record seem incomplete, it is at least true as far as it is presented, and it is full of suggestion and encouragement to those who are beginning in a small way to work for God's glory.

This institution has always been marked by its evangelical character, by the simplicity of its methods, and the earnestness of all connected with it. It has adhered strictly to the Word of God, and in Christ's fellowship and love it has been unfailing. Very little use of machinery is made in organizing or in executing its plans, though its departments are numerous, and employ a large staff of workers. Still, the system is so good that every part is well proportioned and harmonious. Difficulties there

must be, but they are made as little of as possible, and they melt before the courageous faith with which they are confronted. The financial record is remarkable. It cannot be given better than it is in an extract from the *Statist* of March 5, 1892:

'London Charities (III.).—Home Missions.

'We should approach this part of our subject with much misgiving if it were our function to criticise the objects of these societies, or the particular religious tenets which they advocate; but, happily, we have simply to deal with accounts. Theology is outside our province; funds and their application claim our whole attention.

* * * * *

'We cannot close this notice without referring to the Mildmay Mission. It is one of the largest of such societies, and has twenty-four various branches of work—missions, lodging-houses, homes, infirmaries, etc. It expends yearly over £33,000, at a cost of about only £800. Its accounts are admirably kept, and are, indeed, a model for other similar societies. The whole of the money received is spent, and the committee seem content to trust to the continued support of the charitable people

year by year. In short, there is not a single point in which this society runs counter to our ideal of the financial management of a charity, and we wish every member of the committees of all the London charities would obtain a copy of its accounts and study them. It is always a satisfaction to be able to point to an example of how things ought to be done, as well as the reverse; and if one society can conduct its affairs with economy and wise discretion, there is no reason why others should not do the same. It may be well to add that our judgment of each institution is perfectly unbiased. We have no knowledge of any of them except that which we gather from their own returns.'

The Mildmay magazine—*Service for the King*—owed its origin to the necessity which arose in connection with the finances. Many friends sent gifts without giving any name. The only way the proper acknowledgment could be made was to publish a monthly list of all such offerings.

An account of contributions is published, whether of money, clothing, food, or flowers, in the *Service for the King*, and thus a complete record is kept of all donations of every kind.

This monthly magazine gives a faithful but brief record of all branches of the work, and is the only report published, except the short summary issued annually by the heads of departments. It contains a full report of the meetings and the missionary anniversaries, etc. It is a very interesting and readable little book, and is welcomed by everyone who is fortunate enough to have made its acquaintance. It gives vivid pictures of the scenes of sorrow and want which are familiar to the Mildmay deaconesses. By means of these pictures many hearts are moved to send help to these suffering ones. So through this monthly magazine, which costs only twopence a number, a blessed work is accomplished for the Master.

The editor is wide awake to see all that is good, and alert in the interests of Mildmay. Her magazine has a good record, having more than doubled the number of readers. It is her custom to meet a few friends each month in the office for earnest prayer, for the current issue as a whole, and for each article God's blessing is definitely sought. The magazine should have a place on every Christian woman's table who is interested in deaconess work.

The Superintendent of the Conference Hall,

Colonel J. F. Morton, is Treasurer, and he keeps a strict watch over all the interests of every department. Mrs. Pennefather, though an invalid, is thoroughly interested in the

CONFERENCE HALL OFFICES.

entire work, and is a wise counsellor to everyone who is placed in a responsible position. She is the head, indeed, of the deaconesses' work. She seems to be providentially guided in her selection of superintendents. There is

also a Board of six Trustees, the President of whom, Sir S. A. Blackwood, has been connected with the institution from the first.

A prayer-meeting is held every alternate Thursday morning, conducted by Colonel Morton, who lays before the workers a full statement of the condition of the funds, that each may know the pressing needs of the work, and pray that God may incline the hearts of His children to send the help when needed. Praise is always offered for answered prayer. These meetings are very interesting and real to everyone.

A summary of the work done every week will be useful in putting the magnitude of results before those who are especially interested :

Each week nearly two thousand mothers are gathered in Mothers' Meetings, where, in addition to the spiritual instruction which forms a part of the service, they are helped to make the most of what little money they may have by clothing clubs, penny banks, etc.

On Sunday afternoons about the same number of men are taught by deaconesses in Bible-classes, where much encouragement is given by the changed characters of the men, many of whom have been recruited in the night-schools from the ranks of drunkenness.

Hundreds of men and lads are rescued through these Night-schools and Institutes.

Thousands of children are gathered from the streets into Children's Bands, and taught to love God's Word. They also learn lessons of gentleness, cleanliness, and order.

More than two thousand bunches of flowers, with texts attached, are sent out every week during the season by the Mildmay Flower Mission into hospitals and into the homes of the suffering, to cheer the weary hearts and remind them of God's love.

Many thousands of garments are distributed through this mission to the very poor. This ministry of love is one of the most touching. Sometimes a huge package of three hundred garments, quite new, is opened; then to see the joy of the deaconesses is very exciting, and their appearance on the way to the station is ludicrous—laden with sundry boxes, parcels, hats, shoes, quite needing Briareus himself, with his 'hundred hands.' The secondhand clothing is also very generously supplied. English people are thoughtful, and they have their reward.

Thousands receive attention and medicines every week through the Medical Missions, which are well attended. The Hospitals are

nearly always full, and the Convalescent Home also.

It is a constant ministry of love. The one aim of Mildmay in its manifold labour is to win souls for Christ.

THE END.

Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

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